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CURRENT EVENTS



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DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CUBA

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, RECENTLY APPOINTED GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE ISLAND PENDING THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC ACCORDING TO THE PROMISE EMBODIED IN THE JOINT RESOLUTION OF CONGRESS PASSED IN APRIL, 1898.—(SEE "CUBA'S FUTURE" ON PAGE 2)

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New York January Twentieth 1900

CUBA'S FUTURE

THE FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEM relating to Cuba's future is now presented for solution to the Government of the United States. In our capacity of provisional guardian, it is our duty to designate the basis of the suffrage, in pursuance of which shall be elected the members of the Convention which is to frame the Constitution of the new republic. It is obvious that, unless the conditions of the suffrage are satisfactory, the outcome of the Constitutional Convention will not be universally accepted as the product of the free and matured deliberations of the whole Cuban population. We have no right to launch the Cuban Republic under circumstances that will expose it, from the outset, to distrust, to resentment and to rebellion. That would be the act of a treacherous friend, who wished as soon as possible to gain a pretext for the violent annexation of the island. The people of the United States have no desire for such a pretext. They intend to fulfil in the spirit, no less than in the letter, the solemn promise embodied in the joint resolution of Congress passed in April, 1898. They wish the Cuban Republic to prosper: they have no desire to sow in it from the beginning the seeds of disruption and decay. It is because they are sincere in their good-will to Cuba, and wish the new republic well, that the people of the United States will compel the McKinley Administration to examine with the utmost wariness the various schemes proposed for the restriction of the suffrage in the election of members to the Cuban Constitutional Convention. This question has been forced into the foreground because, in a council of notables, convoked the other day by Governor-General Wood, the opinion was expressed that those only should exercise the franchise who could read and write, or who possessed property valued at two hundred and fifty dollars, or

who had personally enlisted in the rebel army before August, 1898. We are happy to say that General Wood took no part in the discussion, and that, so far as we know, he has, as yet, received no instructions from the Washington Government upon the subject. It is certain that no such restrictions of the franchise could be advocated by any man who is at once a sincere and an intelligent friend of Cuba, for, if any such restrictions were enforced, the experimental Cuban Republic would be ruined in advance. This assertion we purpose to make good on general grounds, from the viewpoint of a disinterested observer, and then we shall show that our conclusions were acclaimed enthusiastically by the representatives of all classes of the Cuban population at the banquet given in Havana on January 6 to General Masso.

There should be no educational qualification for the suffrage in Cuba. Why? Because such a restriction would exclude not only almost the whole of the people of color, but also a large number of the white agriculturists who are small property-owners, but cannot read and write. The men last-named, like the many people of color who possess small rural holdings, have all the conservative instincts of the property-owner. In the cities and towns, where the vicious classes congregate, a considerable proportion of these are not illiterate. An educational test would enable them to vote at the expense of the small landowner. Under the Spanish government, up to the tardy installation of the autonomist régime, the voting was so manipulated that the influence of the small property-owners was lessened, and the influence of the clerks and similar classes in the towns was augmented. Any efforts by the United States to restrict the suffrage would give rise to the feeling that the bad Spanish practices were being restored. Neither should there be any property qualification. Almost the whole of the rural population, whether white or colored, lost the whole of their property during the period when Weyler enforced his reconcentrado system. To disfranchise the victims of that system would be an act of monstrous iniquity. Not only would such limitations of the franchise be wrong abstractly, but they would be grossly inexpedient. They could only be advocated by men flagrantly unacquainted with the recent history of the island, for they would place our Government, in respect of liberality, far below the level of Spain itself. It must be remembered that, some months before the outbreak of our war with Spain, the Madrid Government superseded General Weyler by General Blanco, and established throughout the island an autonomous scheme of government. The basis of that system was the decree proclaiming universal suffrage. Can the United States, in its capacity of guardian, afford to ordain a basis of government more circumscribed than that accepted by Spain? To such a question there can be but one answer.

But, it may be said, ought we to expose Cuba to the fate of Hayti? If, in the elections for members of the Constitutional Convention, we accept the principle of universal suffrage, shall we not place the white inhabitants of Cuba in political subjection to the people of color? We answer no. For such a pretended misgiving there is no ground whatever. It is true that, in 1825, the colored inhabitants of Cuba constituted 54 per cent of the whole population. According, however, to the census of 1877, the colored element had shrunk to 33 per cent, and, according to the census of 1887, the last which was taken before that which was accomplished the other day, the results of which are not yet known, the colored element constituted but 30.54 per cent. It is utterly impossible that the colored inhabitants of Cuba should now constitute a majority, although the present census may give them a larger percentage than that of 1887, due to artificial causes, because, during the period of reconcentration, the black victims of Weyler's policy bore privations better than the whites. The difference, however, between the census just taken and that of 1887 will be inconsiderable and temporary. There is no reason to apprehend any large influx of negroes from the other West Indian islands or from the United States. It will always be a negro minority with which the whites of Cuba will have to deal, and there are particular reasons why this minority can be easily dealt with. In Cuba, there is no color line. Caste-feeling, indeed, is not absent. Social equality does not exist, but there is social toleration. The presence of the negro is not an offence to the white man. Race prejudice is not rabid. It is further to be noted that the African race in Cuba is homogeneous. The mulattoes are not antagonized by the blacks. The military leaders who gave the race a large part of the honors of the recent insurrection were, with few exceptions, mulattoes, but the pure black feels that he shares their honors, and is content.

Those who wish to understand the position of the colored people in Cuba should read the book published by Mr. Charles M. Pepper, and entitled "To-Morrow in Cuba." They will learn from this book that, in the Pearl of the Antilles, the black race has no future separate from that of the other inhabitants. They will learn that, in Cuba, the negro or mulatto may call himself "Don," and demand that others use the prefix in addressing him. The prefix means much more than the American "Mr.," to which "Señor" corresponds. "Don" corresponds to "Esquire," the old English designation for *gentleman*. Indeed, "Don" is translated by the dictionaries as the Spanish name for *gentleman*. The colored man in Cuba is not simply "Señor" So-and-So; he is "Señor Don" So-and-So. The prefix was the possession of the proudest grandees of Spain, and it is still supposed to carry with it a certain dignity. The Spanish Captain-General of Cuba, whose titles filled half a page, was always "Don" in the beginning of his official dignities and honors. Under Spanish law, by a formal decree of a Captain-General, the humblest negro in Cuba had a right to use the same prefix. This distinct recognition of the civil status of the African race under Spanish law was formally announced by Captain-General Calleja in 1893. It was, practically, the interpretation and endorsement of previous decrees which had been issued by the council of administration. The practical effect of the previous decrees had been shown in the order made by the Governor of Pinar del Rio in 1885. In that province, a negro had complained that the proprietor of a café had refused to serve him because of his color. The Government thereupon put forth an order directing that the penalty be enforced, and that the discrimination cease. Other orders affirmed the privilege of the blacks to travel upon railways on the same terms as the whites. Under the Spanish régime, few instances arose in which such enforcement by executive order of a fundamental law was needed. After the American occupation, on the other hand, entertainment in a café kept by Americans was refused to a mulatto chief of the insurrection. The Spanish code of civil rights was thereupon invoked and enforced. However distasteful it may be to the prejudices of some Americans, the code will continue to be applied. Nor will there be any discrimination in Cuba on account of color in the privileges of railway travel. It is satisfactory to learn from Mr. Pepper that, from the outset, the American military authorities have shown a scrupulous regard for the civil rights of the blacks. So far as their official acts have gone, they have studiously ignored the color line, and repudiated race prejudice. The social toleration which had proved so natural for Spaniards and white Cubans did not prove difficult for our military commanders. Their example, however, was not always followed by their own civilian countrymen.

If an educational and a property qualification of the suffrage are enforced by our Government, the bulk of the people of color will be excluded from the franchise. This will be glaringly unjust. Mr. Pepper has shown that the blacks in Cuba have reached a higher plane than have the negroes in the United States. Their situation is not similar to that of the American negroes after the Civil War. The race of color in Cuba fought for the freedom of the island. The blacks acquired political standing by the part they took in the revolution. This, as a matter of course, assures the continuance of their civil rights, but that, in itself, will not be enough. They are not aggressive in demanding a share of the offices under the civil administration, but, with their record in fighting for freedom, they will never be content with a government in which they have no voice at all, simply because the majority of them in the present generation may not be able to read and write. Neither the white classes in Cuba nor the American people, who, for the moment, are all-powerful in the island, can deny political rights to the blacks. There was neither color line, property qualifications, nor educational requirements in the insurrection. There can be none in determining the future government of the island. The Spanish Government itself, in the decrees which conferred autonomy some months before the outbreak of the recent war, proclaimed universal suffrage. The United States can afford to do no less. We add that, at the banquet given at Havana to General Masso on January 6, a banquet at which all sections of the Cuban population were represented, there was a unanimous declaration in favor of universal suffrage. Men of all factions declared that there would surely be trouble if an effort was made to enforce voting restrictions, because the insurgents, having fought to free all the people of Cuba and not themselves alone, would not brook any curtailment of the rights of the poor and the illiterate.

CONDITIONS IN PUERTO RICO

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE W. DAVIS

GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF PUERTO RICO

DEPLORABLE as was the condition of Puerto Rico before the war with Spain, under American rule it is infinitely worse. Instead of proving a blessing to the inhabitants, as they had so fondly anticipated, annexation to the United States has thus far brought them only additional woe, and, unless immediate remedial measures are taken by this government, the distress and discontent now prevailing will spread and the difficulty of regenerating the island will increase. With prosperity, with means of procuring the necessities of life, no difficulty will be experienced in maintaining order and in educating the people in American methods of administration; but to leave them in destitution, and to fail to provide means by which they can lift themselves from the poverty encompassing them, will breed discontent and make them intractable to American rule.

Puerto Rico's great trouble lies in the absence of a market for her products. The industry of the island is almost entirely confined to agriculture. The people usually raise sufficient for their own needs and a surplus, which is exported and exchanged for other articles. The principal products of the island are coffee, sugar and tobacco. Until the hurricane devastated the island last August, the coffee crop was large, but the coffee lay in the warehouses without a market. As soon as the island passed into the possession of the United States, Spain put up tariff bars. When under her rule its products were admitted practically free not only to the Peninsula but to Cuba as well. The United States have failed to make any provision for the admission of the products of Puerto Rico at a lower rate than prescribed by the Dingley law, and the operation of the reciprocity treaties negotiated with other West Indian islands will enable them to sell in the American market practically the same products as are raised in Puerto Rico at a lower price than the Puerto Ricans can afford. We will then have the spectacle of American territory paying a higher duty on its products imported into the United States than that imposed upon the same products sent here by the colonies of foreign nations.

The condition of Puerto Rico to-day is perhaps best shown by a statement of the value of the exports of the island. For the four years preceding 1897, the average yearly value of exports was \$16,609,000. Of this sum, about one-half, \$8,025,000, was sold to Spain and Cuba, and but one-sixth of the entire amount was sent to the United States. The exports of the island in 1898 were reduced one-half, and during the present year it is not expected they will amount to more than \$3,000,000. The total value of exports and imports before the war with Spain was more than \$30,000,000, and it should reach \$50,000,000 with good industrial conditions. A large amount of that trade will be with the United States.

These figures demonstrate the necessity of the United States taking action under which a market can be provided for Puerto Rican products. With free trade between the United States and Puerto Rico, economic conditions will immediately improve. The coffee of the island is of an excellent quality, and is liked by Americans resident there, and when it is known in the United States there will be a demand for it. In fact, there ought to be no difficulty in disposing of the entire crop in New York alone at prices equaling that obtained for the best Java and Mocha. The sugar lands of the island have been producing for several centuries, and are much less productive than the virgin soil; besides, the Puerto Rican sugar planters have to compete with all sugar-producing countries, including the bountied sugar of Europe. The tobacco raised is good, and ought to find an excellent market in the United States, provided the tariff wall, built around the island, is removed, and the products are allowed to enter without the payment of such excessive duties as are now imposed. The American tobacco growers have no reason to fear competition because of the difference in the quality of the American and Puerto Rican tobacco. No smoking or plug tobacco is produced there. The quality raised is especially good for filters, and its introduction into the market of the United States will probably result in increased demands for certain grades of American tobacco, which, like that grown in Connecticut, are used for wrappers.

In addition to providing a market, authority should

be given the island under which it will be able to float a loan. It seems to me legislation should be enacted creating a responsible body in Puerto Rico authorized to raise money. A loan could be negotiated without guarantee of repayment by the United States. The amount of the loan to be obtained should be limited, however, to ten per cent of the assessed value of the realty of the island, amounting to about \$100,000,000. In the budget of the island only \$330,000, sufficient for the education of 30,000 children, have been included, the revenues of the island not permitting the expenditure of a larger sum. The inadequacy of this amount will be understood when it is known that there are 250,000 other children on the island who, on account of lack of means, will not be able to obtain any education. A school building, constructed since the American invasion, has just been occupied, and is the first structure for school purposes erected in Puerto Rico. Building operations are just commencing for the erection of a normal school, the graduates of which will be employed as teachers.

The mortgage indebtedness on the island is very

industrious; and, judging from the many highly educated and patriotic men in the island, there is no doubt that the people within a comparatively short time will rise to a standard of education which will enable them to organize and operate a government based upon freedom and equity. Not more than one per cent of the inhabitants understand the responsibilities of government. Under the military administration they have been given an opportunity to learn to govern themselves, serving on boards of health, charities, education, public works, etc., which have taken the place of the ministers or secretaries who possessed arbitrary authority under the Spanish administration. They have also been employed as assistants to military officers, acting as collectors of customs, and in other capacities in the government administration. Municipal elections have been properly conducted under the supervision of military officers, and in cases of fraud, which have been very rare indeed, new elections have been ordered. One of the fundamental principles of free government, which the Puerto Ricans have not yet appreciated, requires the acceptance of the will of the majority. There has been a disposition on the part of defeated minorities to decline to take an active part in the transaction of municipal business.

The importance of bowing to the will of the majority will be understood in time, but the natives must be given an opportunity to acquire self-control and respect for constitutional government before they can be intrusted with the power to govern themselves. In view of the illiteracy which exists, it would be a great mistake to permit universal suffrage when a citizen attains the age of twenty-one years. Of the million people in the island, about sixty thousand possess property and educational qualifications requisite for voters. Of these sixty thousand only about one-half are able to read or write.

When the United States first assumed control in the island, the natives, remembering the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of the Spaniards, wreaked vengeance upon them, murdering many and plundering their possessions. As soon as the military was properly stationed disorders ceased.

Puerto Rican elections held previous to American administration were farcical, those in authority first ascertaining the result before ordering the elections. A different condition of affairs followed military supervision of elections. Suffrage was limited to only those who could read or write, or who had paid at least one dollar of taxes since July, 1898. Following this announcement of the qualifications of voters, elections of alcaldes, town councils, school trustees, and municipal judges were held, and they were conducted with fairness and without trouble.

It is difficult to say at this time just what kind of civil government should be established in the island. The United States should proceed cautiously, but at the

same time should provide the people with a system which will enable them to learn the art of self-government by gradually enlarging their responsibilities. There should be a legislative council in which the natives should possess a minority voice, and the majority should be appointed by the President to prevent an improper use of the power intrusted to the body. As an additional safeguard for the interests of the island, the Governor should be given wide discretionary power, especially with reference to the use of the veto. In addition, the American Congress should authorize the extension of properly amended general laws to the island as may be deemed advisable, such, for instance, as the postal, banking, customs, internal revenue, counterfeiting and navigation laws.

The island is densely populated and the land is all occupied, and it is not a scene for Anglo-Saxon immigration. Besides its strategic and military importance, the enormous wealth of the island is apparent to all, and its great value as a possession of the United States is almost self-evident. Under American rule, with proper freedom of trade, Puerto Rico should become prosperous and a splendid acquisition to American territory. With improved economic and industrial conditions, and with education in self-government, the people will quickly show their ability to administer their own affairs without aid from the general government.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE W. DAVIS

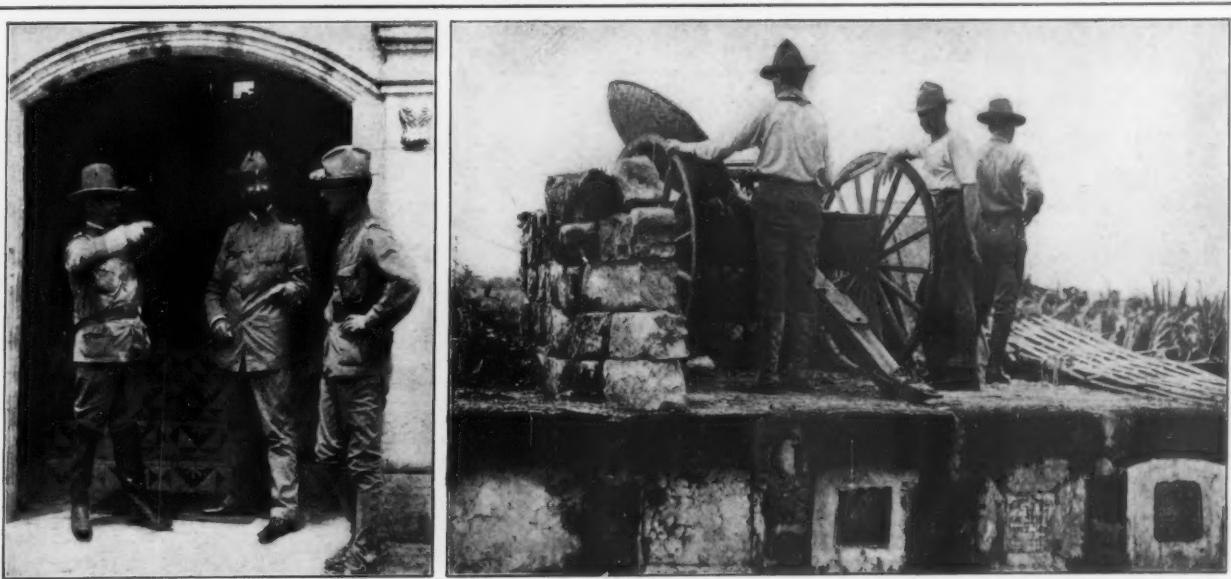
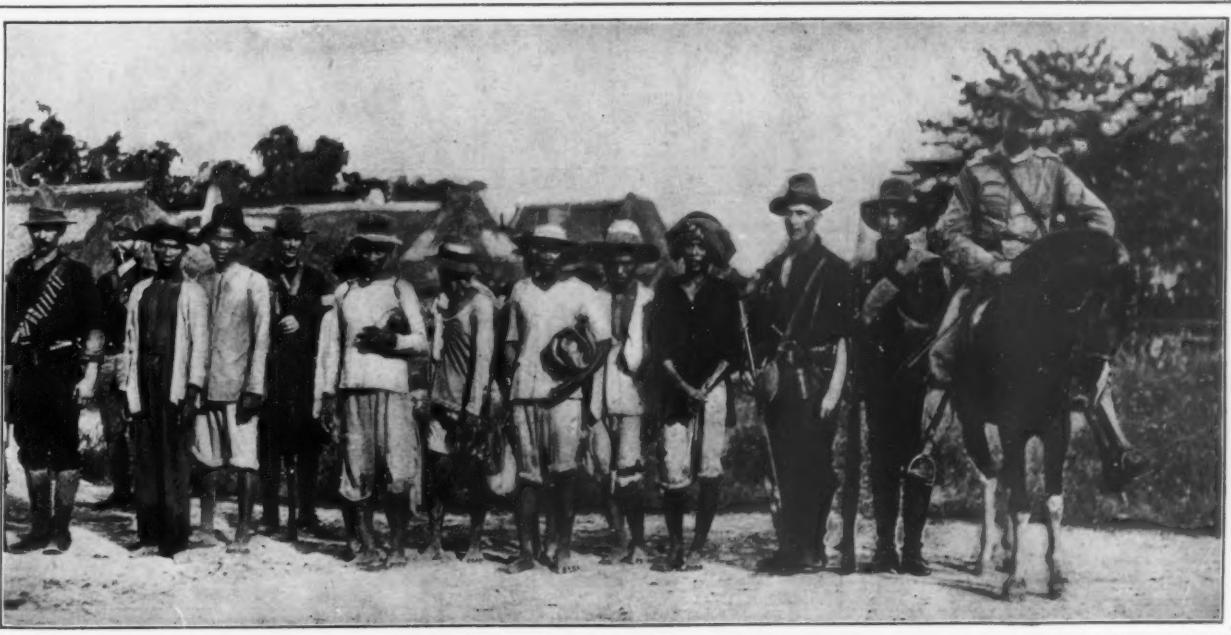


DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

DEFENDING LADYSMITH
SAILORS FROM THE BRITISH CRUISERS WORKING THE BIG GUNS OF THE "POWERFUL" AND "TERRIBLE" IN AN ARTILLERY DUEL WITH THE BESIEGING BOERS, AT LADYSMITH

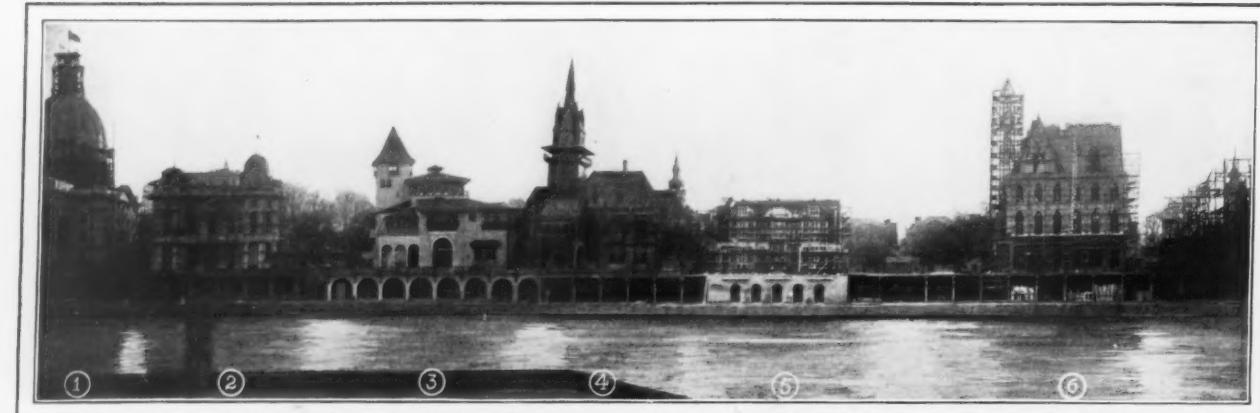


GENERALS WHEATON AND MACARTHUR ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION AT ANGELES

GENERALS MACARTHUR AND WHEATON
AT THE ANGELES HEADQUARTERSGATLING GUN SQUAD ON THE CEMETERY WALLS AT ANGELES.
COFFINS ARE SEEN IN THE WALL UNDER THE GUNPHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.
FILIPINO PRISONERS FROM GENERAL MASCARDO'S COLUMN, CAPTURED AT PORAC BY GENERAL WHEATON'S COMMAND

THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. GIBBAYDOFF



THE PARIS EXPOSITION—PANORAMA OF "THE STREET OF NATIONS." 1 UNITED STATES. 2 AUSTRIA. 3 BOSNIA AND HERZOGOVINA. 4 HUNGARY. 5 GREAT BRITAIN. 6 BELGIUM. 7 NORWAY. 8 GERMAN EMPIRE. 9 SPAIN. 10 MONACO. 11 SWEDEN. 12 SERVIA.—THESE PICTURES WERE VERY HARD TO MAKE, OWING TO THEIR NORTHERN EXPOSURE AND TO

LONDON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

THIS IS AS SAD and gloomy a winter as England has ever seen. Of course the bereavement is immense, the domestic anxiety prodigious. But these are not all. I know, for instance, people here in London who have no near relations at the Cape, and yet whose misery of mind could not well be eclipsed. This emotion attacks all classes. It is difficult to explain, for it is not precisely patriotism, and one might say that patriotism ranks ethically above it. I suppose pride of race is as good a name for it as any other. It is universal, and we Americans can understand this when we remember our own recent war. No matter how our sympathies may have lain, what would our sensations have been if the Spanish fleet had destroyed our own off the Cuban coast? With Imperialist or Little Englander it all averages the same result nowadays. And this result may be detailed as follows: Intense fraternal sympathy for those who have fallen; involuntary hatred of those who have thus far proved victors; unconquerable irritation that national prestige and supremacy should even for a brief time confront the tarnish of humiliating rebuff.

An undercurrent of private opinion is often interesting to observe. The fitting-up of an American hospital ship by American ladies, and their concomitant festivals of a charitable sort (at one of which the dining-room seats were sold for five pounds apiece), are perhaps receiving here more newspaper eulogy than colloquial discussion would indicate that they deserve. There is no secret malice or ill-humor in this latter regard, but there is some light satire, and there are not a few amused mutual winks. Such manifestation is inevitable, in the circumstances, and why should it not be? The American ladies temporarily resident here, by reason of their husbands' or male kinsmen's present transatlantic positions and business affairs, have been by no means prominent at these merciful international undertakings. Of those who have been most prominent it might be said that they are no longer Americans at all. Three, to my certain knowledge, have lived in England from twenty to thirty years. One, married

conspicuously here, has been for some time a widow, but has never dreamed of returning to her native land. Another went back on the sudden death of her mother and stayed hardly more than a fortnight, during which period she consulted lawyers regarding a rather large inheritance, collected certain maternal chattels, and left the rest to be sold at auction. Still another, once a leader of New York fashion, has lived here certainly three decades if a day. These women, all attractive and of the highest breeding, notoriously dislike America as a dwelling place. Naturally their sincerity and that of others (well-known Anglophiles like themselves) could not escape questioning remark. Naturally, too, it is murmured that feminine movements of the sort just mentioned are prompted by self-exploiting motives.

road to Kimberley. He has already fought three. Their names are Belmont, Graspan and Modder River. The endurance of his troops has been marvellous, and at Modder River (or Muddy River, in English) they stuck to their muskets from dawn till dark through a burning summer day, having had no breakfast when they began, and but slight leisure to snatch a little food later on. It has become, we hear, "a parrot-cry now with the croakers among military critics" that Methuen must go back. But the general still stands his ground—such ground as he has already won against the quick-moving enemy, with their drastic knowledge of the country and their almost phenomenal skill at the construction of trenches. It is said that though stationary himself, Lord Methuen is keeping twenty thousand Boers inactive as well. These are suffering great hardships. Meanwhile the British general's forces are not; for the shade and water in the oasis of the karroo afford them, this fierce ultra-equatorial weather, great refreshment and relief. Turning back might work disaster, now, with their soldierly *morale*. "On to Kimberley" has become their watchword.

An intensely interesting feature of the coming Paris Exposition will be Pompeii, revived just as it supposedly existed two thousand years ago. Chariots are to roll through the streets, buyers of wares are to stand gossiping at the different booths, mysteries are to be celebrated in the temple of Isis, harangues will be delivered to toga-clad groups in the public squares, and in the arenas gladiatorial combats will be held. All of which is admirable as an idea, but will it, everything said, be picturesquely practical? To put back again the missing halves of those beauteous marble villas, to recreate the atmosphere that Cicero and Pliny so loved, to revivify, almost to reincarnate, this loveliest of classic seaside

towns with the aid of Mommesen and other archaeologists, would not be a task by any means prodigious. But surely disillusion would lurk in the crowd that surrounded one. To-day and Yesterday would forever be clashing. Mademoiselle de la Saunce-Mayonnaise, of the Folies Bergères, would get inartistically close to Phryne. One's very self, for that matter, would seem a wandering anomaly and anachronism as one moved from chamber to chamber, from court to court. The real Pompeii makes you feel that way, it is true, but with a difference. There you have the appeal and melancholy of contrast, with none of its raw discords.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MONTEIL AND HIS ASSISTANTS AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FRENCH SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLICS ASSOCIATION IN PARIS

The idea that an enormously rich empire like England actually needed the services given with such remarkable journalistic flag-flying and such persistent printing of particular names in connection with it, cannot, of course, for an instant be seriously discussed.

Among all the unsuccessful English officers to-day the figure of General Lord Methuen is perhaps most interestingly salient. It has been well said that, notwithstanding his failures, Lord Methuen and his command should be honored for feats of arms rarely equalled. In a day or two we shall probably hear that this undaunted leader has fought another battle on the

towns with the aid of Mommesen and other archaeologists, would not be a task by any means prodigious. But surely disillusion would lurk in the crowd that surrounded one. To-day and Yesterday would forever be clashing. Mademoiselle de la Saunce-Mayonnaise, of the Folies Bergères, would get inartistically close to Phryne. One's very self, for that matter, would seem a wandering anomaly and anachronism as one moved from chamber to chamber, from court to court. The real Pompeii makes you feel that way, it is true, but with a difference. There you have the appeal and melancholy of contrast, with none of its raw discords.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



THE ANGLO-BOER WAR—THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WINDSOR, TAKING LEAVE OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY, UNDER ORDERS TO PROCEED TO SOUTH AFRICA TO FORM PART OF LORD ROBERTS' ARMY



THE OBSTRUCTIONS ON THE OPPOSITE BANK, BUT THE RESULT IS VERY GOOD IN REGARD TO THEIR RELATIVE PROPORTIONS, AND ONE SEES HOW VERY IMPOSING AS COMPARED TO THE REST IS THE AMERICAN BUILDING. A FULL VIEW OF THE LATTER COULD NOT BE OBTAINED OWING TO A BUILDING BEING IN THE WAY

PARIS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

JUST AT THE present moment Paris is enjoying its holiday season, oblivious of the High Court proceedings, the Transvaal war, the work on the Exposition, and all the other subjects of current interest. As is usual at this time of year, the boulevards are lined with wooden booths from the Madeleine to the Place de la République, and business seems to be "rushing"; for times may be ever so hard, business depression ever so marked, your Parisian always has money to spend in frivolities, and this applies to the poorer classes as well as to the rich. To see the manner in which the booths are patronized by the fleeting crowd, one naturally gains the impression that we are in an era of unprecedented prosperity; but this is unfortunately far from being the case.

I was perhaps hasty in saying that even the Transvaal war was momentarily forgotten; seeing that among the Christmas and New Year's novelties are various toys and knick-knacks relating to it. One toy, consisting of an ingenious mechanism, which causes a tin Boer to belabor a red-coated Britisher with the butt-end of his musket, excites general interest among the youth, and finds a ready sale. France is, of course, pro-Boer to the core. Out of thirty-nine million Frenchmen I doubt whether there are a thousand who do not daily pray for the continuance of Boer success. The exceptions are the dyed-in-the-wool Dreyfusists of the Yves Guyot description and a certain number of Socialists. These are stanchly Anglophile, and so also is the entire Jewish population of France, which I have not included in the thirty-nine millions referred to.

The general interest in the war may be gauged by the comparatively large amount of space devoted to it recently in the columns of the French press and the featuring of salient events with glaring headlines, as well as by the scramble for the evening newspapers.

Guyot defends the course of Great Britain primarily from a spirit of contradiction; that is, because his own political enemies are pro-Boer. Seeing the hand of the

Jesuit in every human event, he has evidently managed to convince himself in some roundabout way that the destruction of the most rigid Puritan and Calvinistic community on earth will prove a lasting blow to the power of the Roman Catholic Church!

The Hollander is Anglophobe at present from race feeling, the German by reason of commercial competition, the Russian from a general spirit of rivalry. The Frenchman's moral support of the Boers is prompted by motives similar to all these put together, and by the added desire to see England punished for her aggressive attitude during the Dreyfus affair. It is pointed out by Drumont, Rochefort, Millevoye, and others that, although the advocacy of the cause of Dreyfus was taken

in the mire. The majority of Frenchmen are convinced to-day that this attitude of the English was not prompted by motives of justice or humanity, but that its sole object was to depreciate and weaken a dangerous rival. This, by the way, is also the openly expressed opinion of the great Socialist leader Liebknecht, whose recently published letters on the Dreyfus agitation have fallen like a bombshell into the Socialist camp in France and divided it more than ever before.

The Nationalist, Anti-Semitic, and other Opposition organs—which, after all, represent the majority—have not failed to call attention to the fact that Beit, Oppenheim, Marks, Levy Lawson, Steinkopf, Beer, and other Hebrew capitalists (owners of the most virulent and aggressive London Dreyfusist journals of yore) are the very ones who, in conjunction with the Johannesburg financiers of the same persuasion, have engineered the campaign against the Boers. And thus are tightened, by reason of common suffering and by hatred of a common enemy, the bonds that draw the French people to the Boer republics of South Africa, where so many men of French Huguenot descent are struggling for their national independence!

French sympathy does not go out in words alone, or even in money and gifts for the sick and wounded. That redoubtable African fighter, Lieutenant-Colonel Monteil, whose explorations and campaigns against Samory have made him famous in the French army, has undertaken to supply the Boer army with that which it most needs; viz., experienced engineers and artillerymen. His executive committee comprises some of the foremost Opposition leaders in France—for, of course, the government cannot be mixed up in any such scheme—and recruiting is going on

quietly but steadily day by day. Almost the first to go out was a member of the committee itself, Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil. He is now on Joubert's staff. The headquarters of the committee are in the Rue Taitbout. The last time I called I saw two former lieutenants in the Alpine artillery corps taking final leave of the lieutenant-colonel previous to departing for South Africa on a German steamer. There they will doubtless come in contact with numerous German officers bound on a similar mission—to fight the common enemy, Great Britain! The whirligig of time brings about strange changes.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

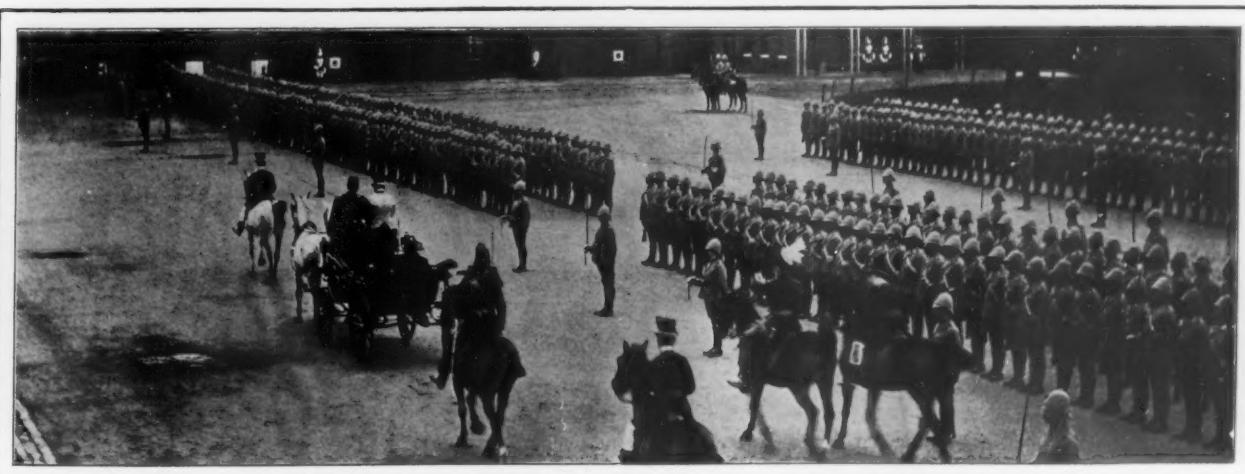


"BOER MANIKINS," THE VERY LATEST TOY ON THE PARIS BOULEVARDS

up by the foreign press in general, thanks, they add, to Jewish influences, in no country did the organs of public opinion pour out their vials of abuse on the French nation to the same extent as in England. The entire London press seemed to have received a *mot d'ordre* to systematically distort the facts to the prejudice of this country, and to vilify and libel the French army and every one connected with it. The verdict of Rennes having proved a disappointment, the London yellow papers started the plan of boycotting the Exposition, and organized mass meetings at which everything Frenchmen held sacred was anathematized and dragged

quietly but steadily day by day. Almost the first to go out was a member of the committee itself, Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil. He is now on Joubert's staff. The headquarters of the committee are in the Rue Taitbout. The last time I called I saw two former lieutenants in the Alpine artillery corps taking final leave of the lieutenant-colonel previous to departing for South Africa on a German steamer. There they will doubtless come in contact with numerous German officers bound on a similar mission—to fight the common enemy, Great Britain! The whirligig of time brings about strange changes.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.



THE ANGLO-BOER WAR—QUEEN VICTORIA AT WINDSOR, DRIVING BEFORE THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY ON THE EVE OF THE DEPARTURE OF THE TROOPS FOR THE CAPE



BRÜNNHILDE'S DREAM—A FANTASY FROM WAGNER'S DER RING DES NIEBELUNGEN

TRANSLATION OF THE CURSE OF WOTAN (AS SUNG BY M. VAN ROOY IN DIE WALKURE AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK)

DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL

"A husband will win,
Her womanly heart,
Far from your side
She meekly will bend
To her love, her husband,
As she spins,
Her heart will be fixed,
In your midst through the breezes shall haste her,
Her flowers of maidenhood shall hasten her,
And to laughter is left for their sport."
"Her fate I have fixed,
Far from your side
Shall the fairthess later be sundred;
Her horse no more
In your midst through the breezes shall haste her
Will faint and fader

GRAND OPERA IN NEW YORK

BY JAMES HUNEKER

GRAND OPERA for the Cosmos—that is what Mr. Maurice Grau provides at the Metropolitan Opera House during his season of fifteen weeks. From the fire-begirt rock of the warlike Brunhilde to the red-lattice music of "Don Pasquale," is that not a wide wing sweep across the luscious and impassioned land of tone? On the planet there is no such gilded cage of high-priced lyrical humans as New York possesses this year. Visitors from across seas who know their Covent Garden, their Berlin and Paris operas, confess to the dazzling brilliancy of an operatic *premiere* on upper Broadway. Even the stolid man from the East, the opera-hater, the staid upholder of symphonic music, is abashed by the combined assault upon the senses which Wagner fashioned in his music-dramas.

The list of Wagner's works in active use at the Metropolitan is quite satisfying. Only the first, "Rienzi," and the last, "Parsifal," are missing. Beginning with "Flying Dutchman," then "Tannhäuser," the enthusiast of the new school—now no longer the music of the future, but of the present—may enjoy in all their lingering and sonorous harmonies "Lohengrin," "Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," "Goetterdämmerung," "Tristan and Isolde," and "Die Meistersinger." Not exactly as in Bayreuth are their colossal works given, but better; that is, better sung. The stage of the Metropolitan is hardly deep enough, wide as is its proscenium arch, for certain mechanical effects absolutely necessary to a correct and enjoyable performance. Bayreuth was built for Wagner, its shell-like auditorium, its lighting capacities, and its superb acoustic. But our opera does not lag far behind. We have a bigger house, a bigger stage—in one respect—and, what is more to the point, a double row of boxes that prove a setting for the most distinguished, picturesque audiences on the globe. Take your glasses of a field night and slowly sweep the grand *parterre*, and then tell me if in London or Vienna, Berlin or Paris one may find such a brilliant gathering. Some wag with a fine taste for fiscal calculation estimated the seating capacity of the opera-boxes to be over a thousand million dollars, but this is merely a sop to the anarchists. Certainly this great zone of beauty, of wealth, of fashion and of culture is inspiring. And no more is heard the lament from below and above that an opera-box is the abode of the chattering. Indeed I have seen, and not many weeks ago, a lady lean over and rebuke a feathered gabbler in the orchestra. This is reversing history with a vengeance. Decorum and the faculty of attention—as your psychologists have it—prevail among the stockholders, who are all music lovers, and without whom, say what you will of public musical spirit, the opera would have to limp along.

But the singers! Ah! here is where Bayreuth and Berlin, Paris and Dresden are forced to retire. It is a polyglot crowd that the management has collected in this operatic Babel. Poles, Hungarians, Galicians, Croatians, Russians, Austrians, Germans, French, Belgians, Italians, English, Americans, Australians, one Tasmanian, and one from China—for Emma Eames was born at Hong Kong, or on a ship near to that port, I have forgotten which. From Brooklyn to Bukowina—in the latter territory Emil Paur emerged—from Provence to Bulgaria, are there specimens of the singing man and the singing woman. And in all this humming of diverse nationalities one speech is comprehended, one tongue is catholic—not the dollar mark, though that is not a negligible quantity—the language of music. It is pretty and wholesome thought to speculate upon the many loose lyric threads here woven into one mighty sonorous strand, and all for the delectation—I shall not say education, because that is a hateful and chilling word—of the city's mad.

I am tempted to conventional gallantry with its *place aux dames*, but prefer to first talk of the ruder-lunged sex, reserving to the last the consideration of the women in the Grau vocal net. First let us begin, like the good Bishop of Pontopiduan, and write the history of the Iceland snakes—I mean the tenors. A certain critic once upon a time said, "There are no tenors in the land," and since then has most grievously smote his breast, crying aloud for the mountains to fall upon him, the waters of the sea to overwhelm him, for up sprang a small band of gallant men, tenors all—so they said—and thereat there was much trouble abroad. What the critic meant was this: there is no Jean de Reszke with the company this season. Alas! that is a truth one is confronted with just four times a week—Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee. Little use of repining, as Jean is enjoying his liberty of throat and his Paris home. So let us to the remainder, which is bound to be flattered at this unceremonious bunching of personalities. The "crack" singer of the lot is Alvarez, who, despite the alphabetic terminal of his name, is a Frenchman, not a Spaniard. The first night he sang here he was a distinct disappointment. Having heard him in London and Paris, I did not expect him to supplant Jean, but I did hope for tonal rectitude, and it was missing. Since his Romeo, Alvarez has sung José in "Carmen," and regained much lost ground. He is a striking looking man, of bulk, of marked temperament, and the owner of a voice that is resonant with good intentions; in fact, is paved with them. But the *pose* is insecure, and in moments of dramatic stress the voice is unshored, and our ears suffer. Yet there is no gainsaying the passion, the

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EMMA EAMES



EMMA CALVÉ



ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK



MARCELLA SEMBRICH



ALBERT SALEZA



ERNEST VAN DYCK



E. DE RESZKE



SUSAN STRONG



ALBERT ALVAREZ



POL PLANCON

strenuous tug at the nerves when Alvarez sings. In "Aida" he caught his audience by the throat and made it pay toll for his robust and unfaltering energy. An excellent actor, he lacks the poetic, tender lyricism of Jean, of Saleza. This latter rather sentimental and puclititudinous Gallic tenor is young, and though given to duels and sinister threats, is of artistic promise. His throat, like Van Dyck's, has been his foe thus far. I like his Romeo, approve his Faust, and admire his José until the end of the second act. After that he goes up in genteel smoke, being weak in action just at the spot where Alvarez conjures visions of butchery and the revenge that sleepeth not. However, Saleza will do.

Salignac is rapidly bursting from the bonds which confine him as a general utility tenor, and with more experience may prove himself an excellent artist. He is already a musician, probably the best practical musician in the company, with the exception of Campanari, the baritone, and once a solo violoncellist. Then we have Andreas Dippel. This is a nice, earnest young man, who is intended by nature for lyric roles, and aims at the heroic target. Sometimes he scores near a bull's-eye, and more often shoots wide afield. He sings Siegfried in "Lohengrin," also Manrico and Turridu, and is best as Erik in "Flying Dutchman." He is liked. Van Dyck is of another stripe. He is the baritone tenor, and, beginning life as a newspaper critic, is disposed to dark irony when he is publicly reminded of his vocal shortcomings. Another man who neglects the very centre of his art for its dramatic circumference. His sardonic gifts enable him to give us the Fire God Loge in "Rheingold" most potently, and his Siegmund in "Die Walküre" is meaty and even eloquent.

The basses and baritones are a nobler choir. There is the giant Edouard de Reszke, a king among his fellows, by reason of his voice, his heart, his temperament. What a man! He plays Leporello, and he sings King Marke in "Tristan"! It is a gracious and magnificent versatility. Van Rooy, the Dutchman, the ideal Wotan; Campanari, agile as an actor, humorous, with an Italian vibration, and the best Barber of his generation, are here. Plançon, the stately Plançon, the bold operatic stage sovereign, and the father of distressed damozels, also a most subtle Mephisto, a serpentine-deceiver, and a very satisfying singer; Scotti, a new-comer, gave us a Don Giovanni full of good points, supple and fairly natural, though lacking in the imperial courtliness of Victor Maurel. Mr. Pringle from the Antipodes is a young man with a future in front of him. Most imported singers, like Heine's friend, have their futures back of them. We were pleased with the manly voice and carriage of Bertram, whose Vanderdecken in "Flying Dutchman" promises much for his later appearances. There is a buffo, Pini-Corsi, and several German, French and Italian singers of last season's vintage, and of these it is not necessary to speak at length.

And now for the birds of more gorgeous plumage! To my sorrow my space is fast waning, and I am forced to serve up my pictures rather telescoped. Eames is the most classic beauty on the operatic boards, Calvé the most opulent and romantic. At the further poles of art each fills an allotted place in Mr. Grau's song caravansary; either one would be missed. Eames is singing beautifully this season, and improving on the dramatic side at every appearance. She has been Juliette, Micaela, Marguerite and Aida thus far; her Sieglinda we know, and her Brunhilde is to come. Of her costumes, which are ravishing, I shall not speak. They are poems in color, fabric, design. Calvé is Calvé, Need I say more? The greatest singing actress alive, she is disposed at present to accentuate the certain notes in her nature so her Carmen, her Santuzza and Marguerite are almost dramatically psychological. Her gypsy girl is now a full-length portrait, rich in "second intentions." Her singing is freer and her voice darker than several years ago. Altogether a rare apparition is Calvé of the sinuous soul. To keep the classical balance we have Sembrich, truly a classical singer, and a perfect interpreter of Mozart and Rossini, a nightingale with a sense of humor. Her Rosina and Norina brim over with fun. And how she sings! Schumann-Heink, the organ-toned German contralto, has returned, and so has Terina, the Bohemian Wagner singer who was once with the Damrosch company. She has not sung yet—ah! this un gallant climate of ours!—but I hear she is now a Wagnerian interpreter. Lillian Nordica, the versatile, ready for Leonora or Isolde, has sung Brünnhilde with her accustomed power and sympathetic insight. She is one of the foundations of the company. Two American girls are Suzanne Adams and Susan Strong; and there is also Mantelli, excellent artist; Clementine De Vere-Sapio; the ever-ready Bauermeister, and a small army of the yet-to-be-heard singers that buzz around every opera-house like flies at a molasses jug. The chorus is the same chorus our fathers admired in the early fifties. I can swear to the identity of one contemporary of my grandmother. The orchestra, vastly improved over last season, is "policed"—I mean conducted—by Emil Paur, an experienced man, Mancinelli and Bevignani. The stage management is more careful, more discriminating in its color schemes, and the general average of the performances high. We are promised, in addition to "Le Prophète," the "Hérodiade" of Massenet, and a repetition of Mancinelli's genial "Ero e Leandro." Let me end as I began; it is Grand Opera for the Cosmos!

Her faithless sister be punished;
She must be severely affrighted.
To his master's man
The health she'll have, as she spins,
And to laughter is left for their sport."

Her horse no more
In your midst through the breezes shall hark her:
Her flower of maidhood
Will falter and fade;



DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL

THE VANISHED PRIME MINISTER

BY HENRY A. HERING



THE MYSTERIOUS disappearance of the British Prime Minister, which caused such a sensation throughout the whole of civilization, is within the recollection of our youngest legislator, yet the actual facts of the case have never been made public; even the Duke himself did not know them. But there is really no reason why they should any longer be withheld, and they are now freely given to the world.

On the day of his disappearance the Duke of Guiseley, who, according to the usual custom, filled the offices of Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs, dined alone at his official residence in Downing Street in a state of considerable disquietude. North, South, East, and West there was trouble, and nothing but trouble. In Africa, with a European power and with a native tribe. In India there was fire, pestilence and famine; there was the usual business on the frontier, and the retiring nature of the Rupee was never more remarkable. There was friction with the United States and with Russia. At home there was a big strike and a Budget deficit to face, and the by-elections were going the wrong way. All these things had happened before, but they had never occurred at one and the same time. No wonder that the Prime Minister was upset. Feeling unequal to social intercourse, he decided to ignore his half-promise to Lady Merton and, instead, to take a solitary stroll. He left his house at nine o'clock, intending to return in an hour or so, but never again crossed its threshold as Prime Minister.

His Grace walked along the crowded streets in which he was only one inconspicuous item, and for some time revelled in the sense of his own insignificance. If he could only lose himself in the throng and be forgotten. Let others take up the tangled skein of the State. So his thoughts ran on, until he suddenly drew himself up and dismissed them as unworthy of himself. He was a strong man, and could bear the burden of it all—a strong man, a little depressed just then, he admitted, and, by

the way, thirsty—that over-seasoned savory no doubt. Yes, he had a thirst, and he looked round for means to quench it.

Ah, here was an evidently popular buffet. Should he enter? No, he would be recognized by the gilded youth who crowded it, and his position would be a little undignified. Two doors further on was a chemist's shop. That would do. The Duke walked in and asked for a glass of water.

The chemist's assistant, who was at that moment behind the counter engaged in working up the Atomic Weights for an examination, looked up abstractedly.

"Water? Certainly, sir," he said, and with his head full of symbols and figures he groped for the bottle of distilled water which was handy on the shelf. Absently he filled a glass and gave it to the Prime Minister, who drank and was refreshed. The shilling left on the counter recalled the assistant's wandering thoughts.

"He must have wanted it badly," he said to himself, and then his eye wandered to the shelf in the estimation of value given. A wave of horror overspread the assistant's face. He had used the wrong bottle.

"Good Heaven!" he cried, "I've given him the Water of Lethe!"

And so he had. Now the Water of Lethe was taken from a river in Spain, and the peculiarity of it was that it brought absolute forgetfulness to the mind of the drinker for a space of time depending on the size of the draught. The chemist's assistant had pretty well filled the glass, and the Prime Minister had drunk it to the last drop, for he was very thirsty; and cold sweat grew on the assistant's brow when, after a brief calculation, he knew that the gentleman who had left the shilling on the counter would for the space of three years and a month or two forget all that he had ever learned, all that had gone before, even his own name, and every debt he owed. He felt a little easier when he reflected that the drinker would be a long time before he knew who was to blame for the catastrophe—and much might happen in the meantime.

The Water of Lethe was in much request by ladies or gentlemen who had done things which prevented their consciences from resting at nights. Two drops would lull the most vigorous conscience to sleep for eight hours, and usually the Water was not taken in greater quantities. Never till that night had a whole glassful been drunk straight off, and it was particularly unfortunate that the drinker should have been the Prime Minister of England, for his mind held information of extreme value to the nation.

After leaving the shop he was conscious of a sooth-ing sensation. All the troubles of the day seemed to disappear. Then he forgot there ever were troubles—ever were pleasures—ever was anything—for got all, all—and the Prime Minister of England walked blindly across the road at the imminent risk of his life, sat down on a seat in a park and nodded benevolently at the moon and the stars, blinking like a new-born babe.

He sat there for a long time in a state of vacuous placidity—thinking of nothing, just as he had done for a few days, maybe weeks, some sixty years before. He stayed there so long that respectable people ceased to pass, and at length very shady ones came. There were two of them—two burglars out on business.

"If there ain't a bloomin' torf all by 'is little self alone," said one of them, and there was a hurried exchange of whispers.

"Fine evening, sir," said the other, seating himself beside the Duke, who smiled fatuously, but said nothing.

"My cricky—dumb!" said the first speaker, taking his seat on the other side.

"Sorry for yer hinfirmity, sir," the other continued; but it was evident the gentleman didn't hear him.

"Deaf, too!" said the first burglar. Then he started making polite remarks about the weather in the deaf and dumb alphabet. The swift movement of the hands and fingers pleased the Prime Minister, and he crowed with delight.

"Dotty!" exclaimed both burglars simultaneously.

"Deaf, dumb and dotty. You're a gem, old party," said burglar number one as he caught hold of the Duke's

watch and chain and skilfully abstracted them from his person. The other felt in his coat and took his pocket-book and papers. In two minutes they had absolutely cleaned out the Prime Minister's pockets and taken possession of all his jewelry.

At first their victim evinced signs of alarm, but he quickly relapsed into serene stolidity, and the burglars grew hilarious at the size of their haul and its ease. Then burglar number one insisted on changing headgear with the Duke, and number two would have his coat. Finally they became boisterous in their mirth, and one of them knocked the helpless statesman on the grass, whereupon the poor man howled vigorously and the burglars decamped, the one in a silk hat and the other in a smart overcoat with an astrakhan collar.

Some minutes afterward an individual came sauntering along with unsteady gait. He was a red-whiskered man in a bowler hat, and he walked with his hands in his pockets. His attention was arrested by the sight of an old gentleman in evening dress, with a corduroy cap wrong side up on the back of his head, sitting on the grass and sobbing violently. The new-comer stopped and stared, stared very hard indeed, and then burst into unsympathetic laughter.

"Well, I'm damned," he said, and he repeated it several times with increasing emphasis. He went up to the Prime Minister and stood over him.

"Good-evenin', your Grace," he said.

The Duke did not respond to the overture. He stared vacantly at him, and continued sobbing.

The red-whiskered man sat down on the vacant seat and apostrophized him in unsteady accents.

"It's a shocking position to be in, your Grace," he said. "The Prime Minister drunk and incapable—wearin' a blue ribbon, too. It's a case for the police. Your Grace may remember once threatenin' me for less."

The Duke evinced no recollection of the circumstance, but society seemed to comfort him, for he ceased to cry.

"I wonder now whether I ought to call for the police or send for the leader of the Opposition, your Grace," continued the man. "You've said some nasty things about him lately. I think it 'ud look well in a charge sheet, though. Hi, Robert!" he shouted.

But the police were not at hand at that moment, and a new idea seemed to strike the red-whiskered man, for he slapped his knees with glee, and then got up.

"Allow me to assist your Grace," he said with much ceremony. The Duke took his proffered hand, and struggled to his feet. "Will your Grace condescend to accept my poor hospitality?" the man went on. "It's Robson. You remember Robson, your Grace—your faithful valet, Robson, poor, injured Robson? Blowed if he do, though," he muttered. "He's too far gone. But he's steady enough on his pins. He's been hypnotized, that's what it is." Gaining confidence from the Duke's evident helplessness he seized his arm and tucked it under his own. "Come on, Guiseley," he said, and marched him away. Once he stopped to pull up the collar of the Duke's coat, and to button it in front, lest the white shirt should attract attention. Further on he hailed a hansom and gave the driver an address, bundled the Duke inside, and himself followed. Twenty minutes later they stopped at the corner of an obscure street in Gray's Inn Road. Mr. Robson paid the fare and marched his companion on a few streets further, then down a still obscurer turning, and finally stopped before a very humble dwelling. He inserted a key in the lock, opened the door, pushed the Duke in, and closed it again. Then he turned on the gas.

"Welcome, your Grace," said Mr. Robson. "Welcome to my lowly abode. I'm sorry it isn't better, but your Grace was stingy, and the perks were small. Still it runs to beer, your Grace." He produced a couple of half-pint bottles, drew the corks and filled two glasses. "Your 'elth, Guiseley," he said, as he raised one to his lips.

The Duke followed his example and drank. Mr. Robson waved him to a chair.

"Now, your Grace," said he, "we've got accounts to settle. You discharged me for drink and theft. A jolly old toper on the quiet like yourself should know somethin' on the drink question, so we'll hold the first charge proved; but it was cursed mean to say I had no right to your clothes, for your fit is my fit 'cept in 'ats. You've a natty bit of suitin' on just now, and I'm short of evenin' dress at the moment—had to decline a pressin' invitation in consequence from the Marquis of Spiers and Pond only yesterday. Besides, it isn't safe for a man of your years to be sittin' on the grass in clawhammers. I'll find you somethin' more suitable for agricultural purposes, and I'll trouble your Grace to change."

He went upstairs and quickly returned with some rough wear, and, under his skilful superintendence, the Duke undressed and put them on.

"Seems like old times, Guiseley," Mr. Robson remarked during the process. "We never took more pains when we were a goin' to dine at Marlborough House, did we? Hullo! What have you done with your tickler, and your links and studs? If your bloomin' purse ain't missin'! Well, if this isn't rough. It's just like yer, you mean old fossil," and Mr. Robson gave vent to his annoyance in language marked and expressive. It required another bottle of beer to soothe his injured feelings, and then he went on: "The Blue Ribbon I'll keep as an heirloom, Guiseley. The Bath would have contented me, but when the Prime Minister himself brings the Garter it ain't for me to decline." He carefully stuck it athwart his waistcoat. "Now, my lords," said he, placing the Duke's glasses on his nose, and mimicking his action in debate, "the Noble Markise 'taunted me with ignorance of the dwellin's of the indigent poor. I flung his remarks back in his eye, for this very night I visited the hotel of my old friend Robson, good old Robson, sandy-whiskered Robson, who treated me to 'arf a pint of prime October, and let bygones be bygones, like the rattlin' good sort he is."

"Which reminds me," he resumed in his natural tones. "You may remember objectin' to my whiskers, Guiseley. You said they was glarin', and made me shave, but if whiskers is bad a long foreign-lookin' pointed beard is wuss, much wuss, and yours has got to go."

He produced a pair of scissors and cut the Prime Minister's beard close to the skin. "And your air's too long, Guiseley. I was alius implorin' you to get it cut. They'll be makin' you Poet Laureate if you don't mind." Mr. Robson plied the scissors remorselessly to the Duke's venerable locks, till it might well be doubted if even his Grace's secretaries would have recognized him in the grizzled old man in the pilot jacket who sat there serenely blinking at the ex-valet.

At last Mr. Robson laid down the scissors, but for some time longer he apostrophized his late master. He only gave in from want of breath and the absence of response.

"Well, Guiseley," said he in conclusion, "if you're above talkin' it isn't for me to detain you. I should very much like to fortygraph you and send your picture round to the crowned heads of Europe. If one reached Windsor Castle you'd jolly well get the sack, my boy; but I can't do it as the electricity isn't on to-night. Anyway, I'll send you on where you'll be more appreciated. Let me see, I wonder who'd fancy you most."

Mr. Robson looked round for an inspiration, but it was not immediately forthcoming. "Salvation Army Shelter. That's the best I can think of," he muttered, "unless I shot you down at the French Ambassador's. I think he'd like to see you in your present rig-out." Then his eye chanced on a visiting card placed conspicuously in front of the clock on the mantel-shelf. A broad grin spread over Mr. Robson's face. "Yes, that'll do—wot a surprise packet for the old bantam! Teach him not to be so free with his bloomin' pasteboards in future."

He reached down the card, which bore the inscription:

"REV. ELIJAH TIMMINS, B.A.,
"61 Rebecca Street,
"Bethnal Green, N.E."

"I'm goin' to send you to this white-choker gent, Guiseley," he said. "No doubt you'd prefer an archbishop or a cardinal, but we don't keep those articles in stock just now. This is a gentleman who runs a conventicle, and if you tell him who you are he'll give you some straight tips on the disestablishment question. Blow'd if Guiseley ain't asleep! He's no sort of company to-night. Here, wake up, old man!"

The Duke evinced a strong disinclination to move. It needed a good deal of persuasion and some force to get him out of the house, and then it was ten minutes or so before Mr. Robson found a vehicle for his purpose—a four-wheeler.

"Chawles," said he to the driver, "I want you to take my friend to this address. Tell the reverend gentleman you've brought his nephew from—er—from Majorca."

"From what?" growled the cabby.

"Majorca. Don't forget. It's one of the Balearic Islands. There are four of them—Majorca, Minorca, Alderley and Sark," explained Mr. Robson, with knowledge derived from long intercourse with a Prime Minister.

"I know 'em," said the cabby coldly. "Once had a hen from those parts."

"By-by, old man," said Robson, when he had thrust the Duke inside and closed the door. "Love to Elijah." Then to the driver: "Don't forget—nephew from Majorca." As the cab drove away he added to himself: "And I'd give a sovrun to see the person's face when he gets him."

It was nearly one o'clock when the cab drove down Rebecca Street and stopped at number 61. The driver got off his box, rang the bell and knocked vigorously. In a few minutes a bedroom window opened and a male head in a nightcap protruded.

"Who's there?"

"Your nevvy from Minorca," came the answer.

"Who?" cried the astonished minister.

"Your nevvy from Minorca. It's one of the Bally Islands," said the cabman.

"I haven't got a nephew in Minorca," said the bewildered parson.

"Of course you haven't; you've got him here now," replied the Jehu, who was a stickler for precision in conversation.

"I don't know him. It's a mistake," said the minister.

"No mistake at all," shouted the cabman. "Here's your own card-de-wisit. Come down, and own him like a man."

"I shan't," said the minister.

At this moment a window in the house opposite opened, and another head appeared.

"What's the row?" inquired its owner.

"I've brought a prodigal home, and his white-choker uncle won't take him in," explained the indignant cabman.

"Shame!" said the voice. "Shame!"

The minister heard this conversation with dismay. That very evening he had had an extremely unpleasant interview with his deacons, who had been careful to assure him that his growing unpopularity might soon necessitate his removal from that particular sphere of action. It was one of the deacons who had called out "Shame!"

"I can't stop here all night," said the cabby to his fare. "Out you come and talk to yer affecshun uncle yourself." Then was heard the sound of voices disputing, and of violent interjections of wrath from the interior of the cab, from which the Jehu presently emerged with his fare in his arms. Other windows now opened; other inquiring heads appeared, and the deacon was energetic in his explanation of the situation.

"Your nevvy's in a dead faint," shouted the cabman, when he had deposited the Duke on the doorstep. "If you leave him out over night it'll be easy for you if you git of with manslaughter. Are you comin' down or not?"

Mr. Timmins no longer hesitated. He was firmly convinced that there was some wretched mistake, but it could be rectified on the morrow. Two minutes later the door was opened and the cabman had his foot inside.

"Ten bob is my fare," he said.

"Ten shillings!" expostulated Mr. Timmins. "Ten bob, and no less. Cheap enough, too, for bringin' yer preshus nevvy all the way from Minorca. It'll be fifteen if I have to wait much longer."

"My purse, Mary," called out the luckless minister, and, while his wife was searching for it, he and the cabman brought in the weary Duke, depositing him on the sitting room sofa, where he at once fell fast asleep. The cabman was paid and drove away, the neighbors closed their windows, and Mr. and Mrs. Timmins surveyed their guest.

"I've never seen him before," said the minister. "It's some horrible mistake." Then he gloomily inspected his card, which the driver had deposited on the sideboard.

"He has a fine head," remarked his wife, who was the optimist of the family.

"Looks as if he'd just left prison," replied her husband. "But we can do no good to-night. I'll fetch some blankets down, and then we'll leave him."

Mr. Timmins slept little that night, and his wife still less, for an inward conviction was growing upon her. At 5 A.M. she communicated it to her husband.

"Elijah," she said, "it's Uncle Sam."

"Ah!" was the unsympathetic reply.

"He went to the backwoods of Australia when I was quite a child, and he always said he'd come back. He's very rich."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mr. Timmins, in whose bosom the ten-shilling fare rankled.

"Depend upon it I'm right," said his helpmate; and, having settled the matter to her satisfaction, the worthy lady dropped off to sleep.

About seven, hearing movement in the room below, she dressed and went downstairs to welcome her visitor. He was looking out of the window when she entered the room.

"Uncle Sam, I'm glad to see you," she said, going toward him.

The Duke turned. Seeing a smiling face and outstretched hands, he also smiled and advanced, and they shook hands affectionately.

"I hope you feel better this morning," she went on.

Her visitor said something unintelligible in reply. She repeated the question, and still came the mysterious sounds.

Considerably alarmed, she left the room and ran upstairs to her husband. "It is Uncle Sam," she said, "but he has forgotten his native tongue. He can only speak Australian."

"Rubbish!" said Mr. Timmins.

"Come and see for yourself. I've heard of such things happening."

Mr. Timmins hurriedly dressed, went downstairs and was introduced. Uncle Sam smiled and shook hands heartily, but nothing understandable came from his lips.

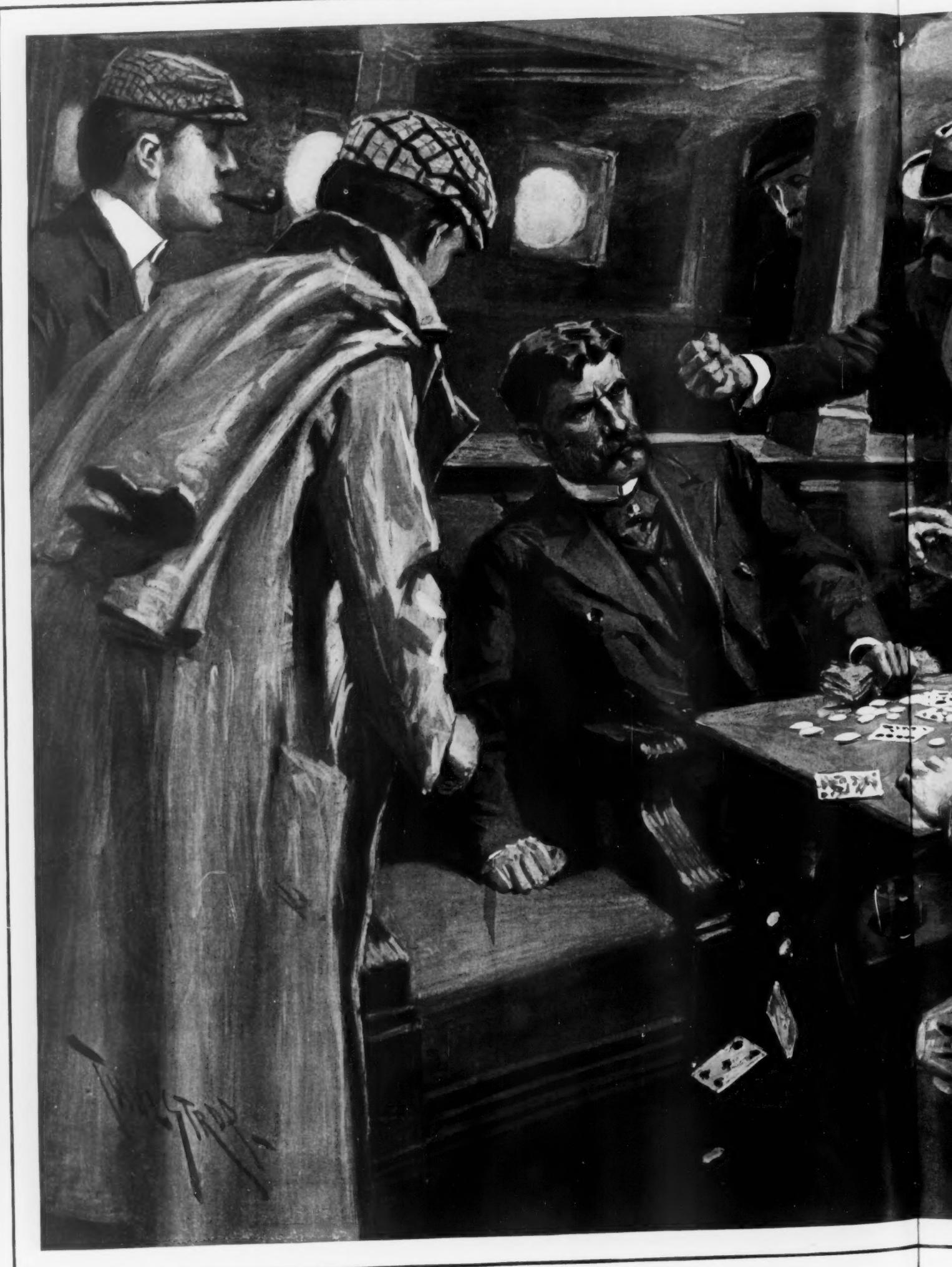
"This is awful, simply awful," cried the poor minister. "Whatever shall we do with him?"

"Teach him English, to begin with," said his wife. "Uncle Sam—Elijah—Mary," she said to the Duke, indicating the various personalities as she spoke. The Duke followed the sounds, and soon mastered them. This scheme of instruction was continued at the breakfast-table, and before the meal was over their visitor showed a nice discrimination between the sounds for marmalade and butter, thereby causing the minister's spirits to rise from zero to a trifle below freezing-point.

The news of the arrival of Mr. Timmins' nephew—sometimes mentioned as uncle or grandfather—of course spread rapidly and caused a considerable sensation in the locality; but before the day was over it was almost forgotten in the consternation caused by the disappearance of the Prime Minister. Happening as it did in the midst of serious foreign complications, with which the Duke was considered to be the only statesman strong enough to deal, it caused a panic. The Funds fell to 83, and there was a run on the Bank of England. A reward of five thousand pounds for the discovery of the Duke was offered the following day and subsequently increased to ten, but offered in vain.

It may be asked if no one connected the appearance of the stranger at 61 Rebecca Street with the disappearance of the Prime Minister, but it would almost have required the gift of second-sight to see any resemblance between the grizzled old man in the shabby clothes who couldn't speak his native tongue, and the distinguished-looking statesman in evening dress, wearing the Ribbon of the Garter and an astrakhan-collared coat, advertised for in the

While another was taking up the pilotage of the State the Duke of Guiseley, now known as Samuel Bailey, was progressing in elementary education. Though he had to start with the simplest rudiments he did so with a man's brain, and a brain of great power. Within the month he could express his thoughts with comparative ease, and was beginning subtraction; within the year he could read and write, was learning French, and was as quick at figures as you could expect a Senior Wrangler to be under the circumstances. As he was diligent and liked work, he had little difficulty in getting employment, and the thirty shillings a week he ultimately earned enabled him materially to assist the Timmins' exchequer. But it was as lamentable as extraordinary that he could say nothing about his Australian property, nor about anything previous to



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

CAUGHT C

ER'S WEEKLY



T CHEATING!

his arrival in Rebecca Street. It was supposed that he had had a stroke.

Thus three years passed—three years, two months and a day—when one night Samuel Bailey, the respected junior clerk of Hitchens & Hitchens, Indigo Merchants, retired to rest feeling strangely excited. He fell into a fitful slumber, awaking about midnight in much confusion of thought. Indigo was strangely mixed up with India and the Rupee, Nephew Elijah with the French Ambassador, and Mary with her Majesty herself, while a bewildering succession of equally confused phantasmas ran across his brain. Again he dozed and again awoke. This time his thoughts were clearer. "Ah," he thought, "the Cabinet meets at twelve. I must see the Chancellor before them. I shall have cipher from Paris and Cairo by eleven, and the Ambassador does not come till four. Then we shall know definitely one way or the other."

He fell fast asleep, and was only awakened by a knock at his door. He wondered why Robson—no, Fuller—didn't come in. Again a knock.

"Yes," he replied.

"You're late, Uncle Sam," came the reply, "Breakfast has been waiting this half-hour."

Though much astonished at this address, he called out "All right," sprang out of bed and pulled up the blind. "Heavens! where am I?" he thought, glancing at the dingy room and the dismal view outside. He caught sight of his face in the glass, and was petrified, for he was clean-shaven. And yet there immediately came the consciousness that he had shaved of late. He turned to his watch for the time. This clumsy silver thing wasn't his—he was a gold repeater—and yet that silver one seemed familiar after all. What a muddle he was in! He gave up speculating, ceased to wonder why Fuller wasn't there to help him to dress, got into his things mechanically, and as mechanically walked downstairs. It was like a dream. He felt like an actor awaiting his cue.

There were two strangers in the little breakfast-room—no, not strangers, for he knew them: one was Mary and the other Elijah. But who were Mary and Elijah? And why did they call him Uncle Sam?

"I'm afraid you'll be late at the office, uncle," said Mary, and the Duke caught himself looking at the clock in dismay. Hitchens & Hitchens, Indigo Merchants, flashed across his brain. He was due there at nine. There were twenty chests of indigo to check. But what about the Cabinet at twelve, and the Ambassador? There must be important despatches and telegrams waiting for him.

The Duke leaned his head on his hand in utter perplexity.

"I'm afraid you're not well, Uncle Sam," said Mrs. Timmins. "Take a day off. I'm sure Mr. Hitchens will allow it. Elijah shall call at the office and explain."

The Duke caught at the suggestion. "Thank you, Mary," he said, "I do feel a bit queer. Will you do me the favor of calling upon Mr. Hitchens and explaining, Elijah?"

Mr. Timmins, inwardly wondering at the ceremonious politeness of the old man, promised to do so. He was about to go when the Duke said "Stop," and waved him to a seat in an authoritative manner utterly new in Uncle Sam.

"Elijah and Mary," he said, "will you have the goodness to tell me who I am?"

Mr. and Mrs. Timmins glanced at each other in dismay. Was he going to have another attack?

"Why, you are Uncle Sam, of course," said Mary at length.

"So you seem to think—but I'm not quite sure that I am. In fact, I'm quite sure that I am not," said the Duke, with growing conviction.

"If you are not Uncle Sam, who are you?" asked Mr. Timmins.

"I am the Duke of Guiseley."

Mr. and Mrs. Timmins looked at each other meaningfully. "Of course you are the Duke of Guiseley," said Elijah. "We always knew that."

"Then why do you call me Uncle Sam?"

"Oh, that's a pet name we have for you," said Mary.

"But, madam," said the Duke, "what reason is there for a pet name?"

"Quite so," said Mr. Timmins soothingly. "What reason? No reason at all."

The Duke was annoyed at this quibbling, but he kept his temper.

"Will you have the goodness to tell me," he went on, "how long I have been with you?"

"About three years," said Mr. Timmins.

"Three years!" exclaimed the Duke. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"How did I come?"

"You came in a cab—from Minorca."

"In a cab from Minorca!" cried the astonished statesman.

"We only had the cabman's word for it," Mr. Timmins explained, "and we think he must have been mistaken. You really came from the interior of Australia."

The Duke pressed his hand to his head. His brain was reeling. "If I am not mad I soon shall be," he said.

"No, no, uncle," said Mrs. Timmins. "We hope not—with rest and quiet. You must stay at home for a time. Elijah shall see Mr. Hitchens and explain."

"Curse Mr. Hitchens!" snapped the sorely-tried Duke. "I beg your pardon, Mary, but I hardly know what I am saying."

"I'm sure you don't, uncle," said Mary. "Just sit quietly here, and I'll get you something soothing."

"Nonsense," said the Duke. "I can't stay here. There are important despatches waiting for me at the Foreign Office. I must attend to them at once, but I shall come back to get to the bottom of this mystery."

Saying which the Duke walked toward the door; but Mr. Timmins jumped up and placed himself in front of it, while his wife seized hold of the Duke's hands.

"Sit down, uncle," she said. "I beg of you to calm yourself. Elijah shall go for your letters, and you can answer them here without delay. There is a pillar-box at the corner, you know."

"Madam," cried the indignant Duke, "I beg of you to release my hands. Come away from the door, Elijah."

"I shan't," said Mr. Timmins firmly.

The Duke of Guiseley being a diplomatist, never attempted to gain by force what persuasion would accomplish. Therefore, he now sat down on the sofa.

"Elijah and Mary," he said, "listen to me. I am not mad as you think I am, nor am I your uncle. I am the Duke of Guiseley. How I got here passes my understanding, but that is of little consequence at the moment. Despatches of vital importance are waiting for me at the Foreign Office, and I must go there at once. You shall come with me, Elijah, and if they refuse to acknowledge me there I promise to return at once."

The Duke spoke very quietly, and what he said impressed his hearers. It might be wiser to humor the old man than to irritate him by forcible detention.

"All right, uncle," said Elijah. "We'll go at once. Better have the doctor here at twelve," he whispered to Mary.

At the end of the street, despite Mr. Timmins' remonstrances, the Duke hailed a hansom. He said little on the way. He was trying to arrange his thoughts. Only then did he grasp what an absence of three years meant to him. But he could not believe it. There must be some absurd mistake somewhere.

At last they drew up at the Foreign Office. The Duke almost ran up the steps. He went straight to the doorkeeper's office in the entrance hall and said, "I wish to see Sir Rupert Taunton." Sir Rupert was the Permanent Under Secretary.

"Have you an appointment, sir?" inquired the man.

"No. Tell him the Duke of Guiseley is here."

The doorkeeper's deferential demeanor changed. "It's no use, sir," he said. "We've had two of your name calling every week since I came here, and my instructions are to admit no more."

"There, Uncle Sam," said Mr. Timmins, pulling the Duke's coat. "It's no use; come away."

"Be quiet, Elijah," said his Grace. Then turning to the attendant, "Will you give me a sheet of paper and an envelope, please?" He said this with the grand air of authority he could adopt when necessary. Many a time had he quenched opposition at a Cabinet Council. The doorkeeper did his bidding.

The Duke hastily scribbled a few lines and closed the envelope. "See that Sir Rupert gets it at once," he said.

Uncle Sam's audacity struck terror to the heart of Mr. Timmins; and when, a few minutes later, there was the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps, Elijah clutched his hat tightly, and with his eye measured the distance to the street door.

An important-looking old gentleman now appeared on the stairs, bounding down three at a time. For a moment he hesitated, then ran up to the Duke, caught his hands and shook them again and again.

"Your Grace—your Grace!" he said, and the gladdest of tears filled his eyes. The Duke was hardly less affected, while the doorkeeper stood at sympathetic attention.

Then the Duke turned. "There, Elijah," he said,

"will you believe me now?"

Mr. Timmins stood a man transfixed—red and white by turns. He tried to say something, but the words caught in his throat.

"It's all right, Elijah," said the Duke, laying his hand on his shoulder. "Now come upstairs, and Sir Rupert shall explain the mystery to us."

But that Sir Rupert was unable to do.

The reappearance of the Duke of Guiseley, and the extraordinary circumstances connected with it, caused a tremendous sensation in the country. The denizens of Rebecca Street were as gratified as astonished to learn that they had for so long harbored a Prime Minister unawares, and the excitement was intense when on the following day the Duke came to have high tea once more with Elijah and Mary. The street was crowded, and the deacon let his windows at a premium. Venerable cheers for his Grace interspersed with others for Old Sam Bailey greeted his arrival, and when Mary met him on the doorstep and he kissed her as usual the excitement reached fever heat.

The ensuing week Mr. and Mrs. Timmins removed to make plans for the spiritual welfare of Nonconformists on the Duke's estate, and the frowns of deacons no longer trouble the worthy couple.

The Duke found that his despatches had long since been answered by his successor, so he devoted what time the legal complications consequent on his return allowed him to trying to unravel the mystery of his extraordinary metamorphosis; but he devoted it in vain. He himself was at fault. He remembered going for a stroll on the night in question—and then came a terrible blank. The wish for a drink and the purchase of the fateful draught were scarcely registered on his brain when the record had been washed out forever by the Water of Lethe. He remembered the stroll, and then nothing more till he found himself as Samuel Bailey living with his nephew Elijah and his niece Mary at 61 Rebecca Street. And all the expert assistance he called in did not help him one jot.

Two people could have thrown light upon the matter—the one a chemist's assistant who is always failing in his examinations owing to his defective knowledge of the Atomic Weights—the other a red-whiskered man who keeps a low public house in the neighborhood of Drury Lane—but somehow for reasons of their own they elected to keep silence.

THE END

A WINTER RIVER

BY ALICE MEYNELL

PURE FROM the refuse that encumbered Autumn, the delicate winter woods draw with many fine lines a general simple and massive color upon the rising and dipping, folding and redoubling of succeeding hills—profiles of high banks that turn, as you travel, to show three-quarters and to the symmetry of the full face, then avert that front and show you the other profile, with a diverse shade and illumination, gathered into the ranks of the rearward hills.

Until the dying color was swept off in mid-December by the high freshness of a storm, the trees stood in rags and were old. But now they are old no longer, and have let go the grasp of the hands of an old summer; clean and fine the dark brown twigs stand ready between a bright gray sky and river. If winter is a sleep, it is a light slumber armed, and all the lances are upright flashing against a shield of steel. One night made all things ready. For but a night ago a little tree stood from top to toe in the same yellow, variously colored, by some child with a paint-box, too tired of the play to dip his pencil twice for a single tree. Little belated work, the contrary of a *chef d'œuvre*, it stood yet, in many eyes, for the climax of the year; and those citizens who had sat within walls when the bud of the branch had first grown thick, and the dark earth by the wayside had borne a celandine or

two and a young nettle or two, gravely bright under the dark and carressing skies of March; those who had sat within walls during the rose and the hawthorn time, and during the long continuance of poppies, and so forth, for most of the summer, were for the open country then, and then only, when the little tree took on that slap-dash color—the "Autumn tint."

Loveliest is winter; not for snows, but for the natural unburdened woods, as the seasons leave them, between one year and the next, washed through and through in the dark weather, and fresh from the visiting gale. Dark lands new from an Autumn plowing are not more simply or richly colored than the leafless forests. The green grass is softly refreshed from the dimness to which the sun had faded it. But the hills, nearly as much as the river, are clad in intercepted light, rather than in color.

"Her loveliness, that rather lay
In light than color—"

Like her is this winter, away from towns and their darkness. A slight mist carries the light, whitens the sky, interposes between two headlands, guides the pencil of the few sunbeams, pencils of slight color and large design.

It is true, the banks are bare, but it was Autumn that

came like a wretched gardener and cut them close. A year's growth only was that wild summer hedge of green tipped with the small violet pink flower innumerable; a year's growth, the russets and reeds and the whole company that stood so thronged together in the narrow way between water and land, poor and outlawed. It is their annual death that makes the greatest change in the seasons—a transformation for the inland river, a great alteration even here, where there are tides, and where steel and silver spaces widen and grow narrower daily under the banks, and where sea-gulls, dark against the sky and white against the hills, take long flights into the country of the snipe and heron.

It is a mild western county, and the most salient thing is the winter multitude of birds. A few miles up the river there is solitude indeed. The prospect closes and closes, as the waterway winds, upon bays and sheltered valleys, wherein, if this English river were the Rhine, successive villages would be gathered close; and now and then a hill is nearly as steep as the hills whereon, if this were a river risen in the Apennine, a village would cling, far-sighted, grasping the stone with stone, watching the scarped approach. But, in this lonely land, there are no people but these flocks of birds that stream against the horizon, call from the transparent trees where their nests are thick, flutter

small in the height of the sky, and come up large from the sea like lights from the shrouded sun. They waver against the cloud and sprinkle the sky, draw long lines into the distance, and seem to lead the long winds.

Only one village have we seen in many miles, and it so lurks within its dark colors against a dark hill as to be hardly seen. Much of the difference of countries and counties is in their quarries; and all these Cornish houses and cottages are built of a dreary stone that always looks wet, and roofed with dusky slate—not the unsightly blue of the rest of England, but a thick gray slate; and this covers the darkling hamlet without eaves or gable. No brick, no tile, no thatch is in sight; but the rock comes sharply through the pastures, and is made square for the cottage.

The hooded and sullen village, aloof and quite silent, is but another grayness in the day of gray. The last color was the red of sails at the river mouth, dipped in the dye alike of Venice and the north, and the scarlet paint of the battleship, left behind in the harbor under the promontory and the pines. The gray afternoon has wheeled about our heads as the river turned, and at the end the sun makes amends with a scarlet setting that shows the perspective of the clouds. All day they had wandered, upright, astray, uncentered, standing vaguely near the zenith and the limit of the land. It is the sunset that commands them all, showing their ranks and ranges, their distances, and the anatomy of the articulate skies. We turn homeward now, and leave the solitary river inland. Long before the west has ceased to be red, a soft light floats over every vessel as we drop back again between the ships—wooden ships, and beautiful ironclads almost as obsolete as they, and low ships that were terrible with their turrets some score of years ago. Cold and gentle lamps, with the keen white ray of the lighthouse at the end of the long breakwater, are still half quenched in the chill but tender day. The flight of a thousand birds sets steadily to some home. The gray victualling yard, built under William the Fourth, ugly enough, but not altogether squalid, much bewindowed, reflects from the sunset long heavenly lights in the harbor-water. And the hideous town shows no more than tiers of steady lights, against which the gently balancing lights of the port make a delicate dance.

Night will soon climb the moors, and has now closed upon all those solitary reaches and redoubled hills of the river in the north. Night and winter are akin to the dark earth and the close forests of brown branches, and to this strange country that has no white walls. For surely everywhere else the brush of the whitewasher has made a simple surface, cheerful always, and sometimes splendid where it replies to sunshine or to a lighted cloud; especially in Wales the bright white is fine against

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the bright gray cloud. But only here, where the stones are dark, no whitewasher has sped, nor made any house plain and pure upon a hill, nor any sea-wall clear from the dark nets and tackle. Here the fisherman's ropes hide on the gray terrace of his little dwelling in its ambush of naked stone. I, at least, know no other country that man has not set with buildings that brightly turn the arrows of the light. Here the close walls cover those rays with dusk.

As the night comes, and a wind rises, the sea-birds toss up and down like the balls of some sea game. The juggling of the waves grows quicker, and some of the balls go wide and wild, and some touch the foam, but two will keep a rhythm of ascent and fall, and two go seaward, far apart, losing each other on a long flight, to sweep together doubtless beyond the shortening sight of the coast. It is to be a tempestuous night, and the rooks in a score of the woods we have left inland shall be tossed in their black and cold sleep. The northern gale that has a rigid instrument to play—dry forest wall, and iron ships—until it comes to the regions of the soft sea.

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Round the Hearth

Edited by
Margaret E. Sangster

MARRIED WOMEN AND WAGE-EARNING



POVERTY it was not considered as more than a temporary makeshift, a thing to be met with resignation, and to be abandoned as soon as the man of the house could do better, or the sons grew up to help along. In Bob Cratchit's humble establishment, sustained in the main by the ill-paid labor of Bob himself under old Scrooge as a taskmaster, young Martha worked, and small Peter worked, but Mrs. Cratchit stayed at home, and looked after the house and the little ones. There was a deeper depth of want than the family had sounded: it was that depth in which the wife and mother puts her hand to the actual producing of the family income.

Among comfortably placed and, to some extent, luxuriously living, Americans, there is a remarkable change from former opinions on this subject of the wife's bread-winning. Especially among artists, authors, journalists, and people who live by the exertion of the intellect rather than by mere manual labor, it is common to find both wife and husband practicing their specialty, whatever it is, and putting their earnings into a more or less co-operative purse. The wife has a gift for illustration, and her clever fingers eke out her good man's salary, so that luxuries are possible which the two must else forego. She writes bright quips and jests, or charming short stories, and the crisp checks which come floating to her in the morning mail provide her own dress, or pay the school bills of Laddie, who is growing stout and sturdy and needs more money spent on him every year. I have heard of an ardent lover, who, preferring his suit to a gifted woman, ventured to call her attention to the fact that their combined salaries would enable them to maintain a very attractive home quite overlooking the possibility that as a wife the lady of his choice might prefer not directly to contribute to her own support.

The truth is, that in many cases the wife's ability to supplement the husband's earnings relieves her of a sort of work for which she may have no peculiar aptitude or which she perhaps finds distasteful. An extra maid may be afforded to do various things about the housekeeping, to wait upon the children, to attend to the endless mending of small garments and the sewing on of buttons—in short, to carry part of the burden of the everlasting little, which weighs heavily on the housemistress, provided the wife can earn enough to pay for the added convenience. When the period arrives in which growing children take precedence in parental calculations of every other necessity, when there are dancing lessons, and music lessons, and opportunities for culture in endless variety for which continual provision must be made, the wife's share in the payment of bills may be no slight one. If she earn only her pin-money, she may thus acquire and retain a pleasing sense of independence, and have an advantage over her opposite neighbor, to whom pin-money is an ever-vanishing mirage on the horizon.

The difficulty about the matter is twofold. In their youth, married people presumably anticipate the coming of children. For the sake of unborn children, it is usually better that a mother should not be taxed mentally or physically by the relentless and imperious requirements of a wage-earning vocation. Even if she carry on her writing, or her painting, or her exquisite needlecraft exclusively at home, the demands it must needs make upon her will not tell favorably, as a rule, on her offspring. In the second place, a husband is in peril of reversing the position he ought to assume as the protector of and provider for his wife, and of leaning on her, of suffering her to undertake tasks beyond her strength, and of accepting from her sacrifices which she should never be allowed to make.

Later the children of a couple who unitedly toil, not to say slave, for their family, are very apt to give an undue share of appreciation to their mother, magnifying the benefits they receive at her hands and proportion-

ately diminishing the gratitude they owe their father. Men fortunately do not exact or expect much recognition by way of gratitude; they are accustomed to bestow rather than to receive, yet a certain amount of praise and thanks is very welcome to the diligent and faithful head of the house, whose rôle in life is to do the best he can. One queries whether he does not accomplish his best, more successfully, when he and he alone is the family wage earner, during the first score of his years as a benedict.

Thus, like many another problem, cannot be arbitrarily legislated upon by outsiders. Each family must resolve upon its own course of action. Most of us could get on very comfortably with a simpler style of living, and would be better off in the end if we acknowledged fewer wants. Civilization creates many artificial values. The life of towns presents occasions for spending on every side, and incessantly hedges with thorns the path of the frugal, who are anxious to save. If married people are to get on, to get ahead, they must economize in the beginning. Whether or not the joint savings are larger where both earn the income is an unsettled question; in the large, a question to which different couples may easily give different answers.

SIZE VERSUS SYMPATHY

IN THAT fascinating novel, "The De Willoughby Chain," Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett introduces as her hero a big man, big physically, weighing three hundred pounds and standing six feet five in his stockings. Big Tom De Willoughby is a striking counterpart to the heroine of Mrs. Burnett's "Lady of Quality," whose marvellous health and prodigious strength are unique in fiction. The charming quality in this tremendously big Tom, who looms up on the author's page as a lovable and striking personality, is his tender and almost womanly heart, his spontaneous and generous sympathy with the weak, the small, and the unsheltered. He adopts an hour-old baby, left a waif on the cold world, and brings her up in such an atmosphere of radiant and encompassing affection that never was princess of a royal house more fortunate. Children instinctively trusted this big man; women believed in him; sentiment did not wither in his presence; he was as gentle as he was strong, and as winsome as he was ponderous. Somehow we cannot help giving our suffrages on general principles to the big people as probably slower to kindle into anger than the little ones; but do we usually accord to them a monopoly of the outflowing and gladdening current of sympathy which keeps green the world and evermore renews its youth?

CAR HOUSEKEEPING

IF A MAN sets about work that is considered to be specially within woman's province he usually achieves a most provoking success. The best cooks, milliners and dressmakers are men. With all the sentiment about women and flowers it is the hard prosaic fact that men understand the most effective arrangement of these lovely blossoms much better than do women. It was, too, when embroidery was one of the arts and as such worth the effort of men, that those masterpieces of needle-painting were wrought by them, creations that are as yet unsurpassed by any woman wielder of the little steel instrument.

It is not surprising, therefore, that car housekeepers, who are men, carry their efforts to the perfection of excellence. No parlor or bedroom under the sway of the most skilful woman housekeeper can touch the notch of cleanliness which has been developed in the work of keeping cars clean.

This success is attained by the application of compressed air. Every housekeeper knows that to hang out her rugs, draperies, cushions and clothing on a windy day freshens them most satisfactorily, so she will understand the value of having air concentrated and focused upon each individual belonging, as is done in the car-cleaning department. The compressed air is applied by means of a hose such as is used with water. When this chained cyclone is directed against a car cushion, or a mattress from a sleeping berth, the dust falls out on the other side in a veritable fountain of particles. After the treatment the most vigorous beating fails to produce the slightest trace of dirt.

"And now," says a practical housekeeper who recently saw this operation, "why does not some man see the opportunity to make money and help housekeepers at the same time? Surely there must be some way to a household application of this remarkable cleansing power. The wearisome sweeping and beating and shaking and brushing that goes on now constantly, in our efforts to keep up with our modern ideas of cleanliness, would be done away with to the infinite saving of time and effort. Mattresses and pillows could be thus treated and would not need to be done over as often as at present. I sigh," she finished suddenly, "for the millennium of electric heating and compressed air

cleaning both conveniently and economically applied in our residences."

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT WALLS AND FLOORS

BESIDES paper and paint there are an endless number of other materials used for the covering of one's walls. There are damask, silk, burlaps, linen, cretonne, leather, cheesecloth, matting, and other stuffs. Burlaps is dyed and can now be found in almost any color, but a delightful way of treating it is found by putting it up in its natural color and having painter go over it with a brush dipped in gold paint and slightly tinted. Sometimes coffee bags are used in this way, especially in studios and dens, and it is surprising to see how readily they adapt themselves to even costly appointments—to carvings and brasses and old mahogany. When a damask or silk is used it is put up with small nails, hardly larger than darning-needles. It is therefore easily removed and runs no risk of being injured by paste. Plain walls without obtrusive figures are necessary when pictures are to be hung, or else the decoration of the walls detracts from the pictures. Again, where many books are to be placed, as in a library, plain walls are to be desired. Green has become a popular color for library walls, with green hangings to match in color at the windows, and for those who can only afford one room to be used as living room, parlor and library there is nothing so satisfactory as dark green—a green having just enough yellow in it to give it cheerfulness. Green woodwork, either stained or painted, should accompany this wall color, especially when the wood-work is not particularly good, or where too great an obstruction of the architectural lines of the woodwork would be given by the white paint, in this way tending to distract the eye and force it to follow too many irregular and broken white lines around the room. The virtue of green is that it presents a uniform tone and makes a good background for a variety of objects introduced in it, and this without detracting from the value of any, as red might do, or serving to make a jumble of a crowded room. It is used in rooms both large and small, and when relieved by yellow at the windows or in the sofa cushions, or by certain shades of rose used in the same way, it has all the cheerful qualities that one desires. It is never gloomy unless a wrong tone is chosen, or the appointments of a room are sombre in themselves. But the beauty of green, and the comfort of it, lies largely in the fact that the moment any cheerful element is added to the room, like a flower for instance, that moment the entire room seems to have a tendency to subordinate itself in order to throw out to the best advantage the color or beauty of the new arrival.

8

The floors, it must be remembered, should be lower in tone than the walls. A light carpet, or one covered with figures and flowers, is to be avoided, since it has a tendency to spring up at you. Keep the furniture subdued in tone, and get color from the cushions, flowers and hangings. Once have one's walls good in color and the rest of the house is an easy matter. One can then afford to wait until possessions come, and this can be done without any sense of impatience or unrest. More depends upon the walls, in fact, than upon anything else. When they are good, they educate us and prevent our making bad mistakes in what we introduce into a house.

HERE AND THERE

WOMEN'S CLUBS are significant among the forward movements of the period. They embody much of woman's finest thought and most gracious culture, they are concerned with municipal improvements, with prison reform, with the beautifying of home life, and with individual progress toward whatever is best and most educational in current affairs. Society has no quarrel with the woman's club, for the women who lead society are represented there. It seems a little singular that so many influential clubs, gathering into their bounds so much wealth, should be obliged to hire their quarters, meeting where they can, sometimes in hotel parlors, sometimes in private houses which they rent. "The Club Woman" gives the interesting information that in Boston, at least, this state of affairs will presently be remedied; for the fair Bostonian is nothing if not thorough, and she has raised a stock company, with shares at fifty dollars apiece, and on Beacon Street, close by the State House, she plans to erect a spacious four-story building, with ample accommodations and equipments for all the clubs in town. The New England Woman's Club has already engaged its rooms, and others will follow. When completed, outside the value of the land, this stately club-house will have cost seventy-five thousand dollars.

The country over, wherever it has not yet been done, women should at once interest themselves in persuading





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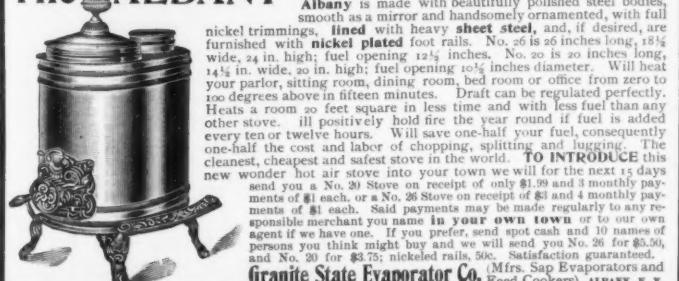
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street railway companies to provide a sheltering cover of glass for motormen and conductors, whose suffering on windy and freezing days and nights, standing exposed on platforms, with no barricade against the cold, are simply intolerable. No clothing can sufficiently defend from severe cold a man on duty with his hand on the brake controller forced to incessant attention, and unable to escape for an instant from his post. A screened vestibule is a humane necessity, and when women ask for it railway companies will provide it.

Nothing is more unsightly than loose paper fluttering about the street, unless it be debris of other kinds, such as tomato cans, broken bottles, the flotsam and jetsam of housekeeping, overflowing from uncovered ash-barrels and strewing the gutter with rubbish. Here, too, it is woman's province, and her duty as well, to institute a reform.

The opposite poles of good management are found in the minute and careful buying of Paris, where the cook estimates nicely the exact number of ounces she will require, in butter, in sugar, in flavoring, and procures only the chops or the eggs which will be needed, and in the generous provision of New York, Chicago and St. Louis, where the householder lays in a stock sufficient to fill the commissariat of a garrison. The thrift of small buying is quite as needful a bit of acquisition where people live in flats as is the knowledge of how to purchase a large amount and deal out the day's apportionment by adequate measure. In the old days of gracious Southern hospitality, the key basket was the badge of the mistress, and to give out supplies for dining-room and kitchen part of every lady's morning duty.

It is not everybody who, going into a restaurant, understands how to order a luncheon. People sit down bewildered before a menu, with a vague idea of eating a meal different from, if by no means better than, the one they would have at home, and half the time, after a futile struggle with the price-list, they end by sending for the precise articles in dainties or substantials on which they lunch at the home table. Only the town habitues know the French and Hungarian and Italian restaurants, where delicious foreign cooking and politely prompt service may be had on terms suited to a slenderly lined pocketbook. Everybody has not discovered certain tea-rooms and coffee-rooms where a limited number of viands are offered, each absolutely perfect of its kind, and one still occasionally sees persons who do not know that in ordering for two it is possible to secure a greater variety and yet pay little more than one needs to pay when ordering for one.

The travelling luncheon basket is not to be despised by persons who may possibly, starting on a forty-mile journey, find themselves stalled for as many hours in a blizzard. Buffet cars and railway dining-cars and stations have their uses, yet there are times when a home-made luncheon of cold chicken, delicate sandwiches, olives, cake, and bon-bons has a toothsome flavor of its own.

When a genuine cold snap freezes the ice in pools and rivers, so that it is strong enough to bear the joyous crowds of skaters who glide over its smooth surface, the sight is one for a poet, an artist, or a lover of his kind. Skating is the poetry of motion. The rhythmic grace of its curves, the rapture of its speed, the frosty tingle of the pure air on cheek and brow, and the sociability of skating which brings young people and older ones together in a pleasure which may be enjoyed singly, in twos and threes and in groups, combine to give it precedence above every other winter sport. The acme of felicity is reached when a graceful girl, her skates fitting to perfection, the outer edge and the rest of the art presenting no difficulties to her practiced and fearless skill, sweeps by, escorted by a proud and gallant escort, who can think of no happier moment than the one he is now enjoying. Given youth, health, firm ice, and sharpened skates, and the gods can bestow little more upon men.

Most of us fancy that the winter woods are ghostly in their quietude as well as ghastly in their nakedness and dearth of leaves. Yet there are few more beautiful sights in nature than a tree, stripped of foliage, all its bare symmetry described against a clear cold sky, or its boughs, taut as the cordage of a ship, just touched with an ermine edging of snow. Some of the harder birds—chickadees, blue-jays, hawks, and owls—dare the austere rigors of our Northern winters and wrest subsistence from Nature's meager larder; and, to the daring visitor who, protected by furs and wools, and equipped with thick boots, tramps along the open fields, or ventures into the forest ways in the depth of midwinter, the silence is broken by many sweet, low, crisp sounds, and secrets of life are revealed, more mysterious and not less fascinating than the orchestra of summer affords.



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TEMPORA MUTANTUR

A RECENT letter extolling the new reforms in Cuba under American rule pays this regretful tribute to the past:

"But we have done away with many things that the Cubans love, which we think useless or wrong. The daily guard-mountings of the volunteers (Spanish volunteers, I mean), which used to take place with band and martial trappings, has been given up. We have forbidden people to appear on the streets in the useful undershirt! We require them now to wear the 'boiled shirt,' which does duty now until the Health Board requires it to be reboiled. The voice of the merry vendor of lottery tickets is no longer heard in the land, and you no longer see and hear six feet of strapping humanity chanting, 'I have the grand prize, number ten thousand, and so and so, won't you buy a piece?' The old gendarmerie police has been changed into a linen-suited Cuban, all dignity and revolver, and, worst outrage of all against one's aesthetic taste, we have compelled the postman to wear a 'white wing' helmet instead of the once universal panama."

THE TENDERFOOT WAS GAME

HE WAS a tenderfoot, and they took him for a greenhorn. Every new arrival in camp, they told him, had to give the others some puzzle question. If they could not answer it was entitled to a drink, but if he could not answer it himself he would have to stand tall around.

After a brief silence the youth asked, "How is it that when a chipmunk makes a hole there is no dirt at the mouth of the hole?"

The foreman replied, "Ah, ha, I guess you have asked a question that you cannot answer yourself."

"Oh, no," said the youth, "I can answer it!" "Well, then," said the foreman, "how is it?" "Why," said the youth, "the chipmunk begins at the bottom to dig his hole."

"Begins at the bottom; how does he get there to begin?" said the foreman.

"That is a question of your own asking," said the youth.

BICYCLES IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE PRESENT campaign in South Africa is practically the first opportunity the British military authorities have had of putting the cycle corps to a real test. The cyclist corps attached to the Durban Light Infantry recently covered a route of ninety miles in one day, for the purpose of obtaining information of the Boer forces, doing some skirmishing on the way. The veldt in dry weather is admirably adapted for cycling, as was demonstrated recently by the feat of an Englishman, just after the outbreak of war, who rode from Pretoria to Lady Smith on his wheel, passing several detachments of cavalry on the way.

COULDN'T FOOL THE DRIVER

A CLERGYMAN, who made a study of antiquities, was riding on the outside of a coach in the West, when the driver said to him:

"I've had a coin give me to-day 200 years old. Did you ever see a coin 200 years old?"

"Oh, yes; I have one myself 2,000 years old."

"Ah!" said the driver, "have ye?" and spoke no more during the rest of the journey.

When the coach arrived at its destination the driver turned to the clergyman with an intensely self-satisfied air, and said:

"I told you as I druv' along that I had a coin 200 years old."

"Yes."

"And you said to me as you had one 2,000 years old."

"Yes, so I have."

"That's not true."

"What do you mean by that?"

"What do I mean? Why, it's only 1900 now!"

A PROMISING PUPIL

A LITTLE girl who had just entered school, lately jubilantly announced to her father that she did better than all the girls above her in the arithmetic class and went to the top.

"That was smart of you," said he, encouragingly. "How was it?"

"Well, you see, Miss Maggie asked the girl at the top how much was 8 and 5, and she didn't know and said 12; then the next girl said 9, and the next one said 11, and the next 14. Such silly answers! Then Miss Maggie asked me, and I said 13, and Miss Maggie told me to go up top. Course it was 13."

"That was nice," said the father. "I didn't think you could add so well. How did you know it was 13?"

"Why, I guessed it! Nobody said 13."

SOME HOPE FOR HIM

THE OTHER day two negro roustabouts were overheard talking. They met on the levee, after one had been absent from town for several weeks.

"Hello, Bill; how is yer?" said the first.

"Well," was the reply, "de doctors is give me up, but de police ain't."

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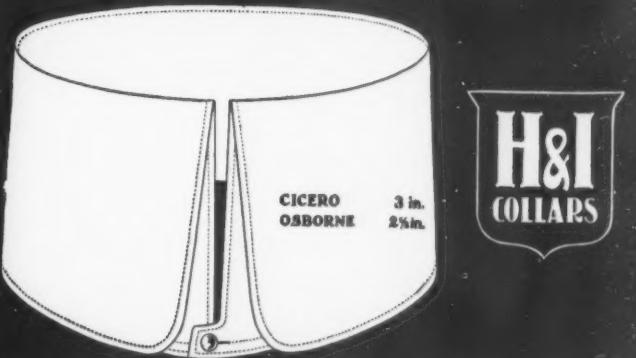
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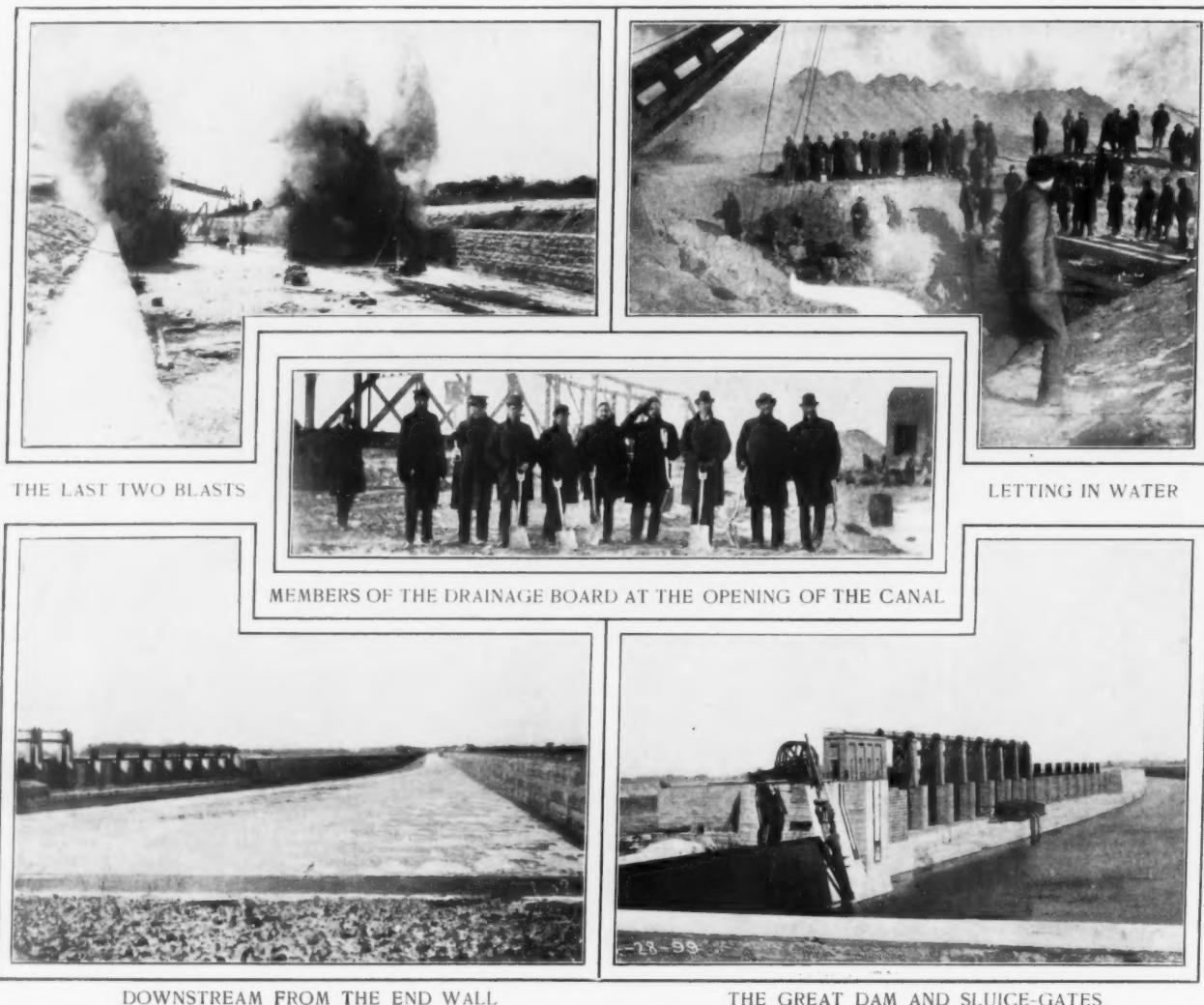
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THE CHICAGO SANITARY CANAL

THE GREATEST sanitary canal ever constructed, the one connecting the Chicago River with the Desplaines River, thence to the Illinois River, and from the Illinois to the Mississippi River, is now a matter of fact. Disobeying all precedent, one of Chicago's biggest achievements was opened without formality. No one of the newspapers in the city three hours beforehand knew the drainage commissioners would turn on the water from Lake Michigan; nor did members of the city administration or State officials. The drainage commissioners acted without consent either from the Governor or the War Department at Washington. So when the work had been finished the last bit of dirt dividing the Chicago River from the canal was thrown to one side. The commissioners acted hastily; they feared legal injunctions. There is yet probability that proceedings in the courts will be instituted which may occasion the locks being closed. The city of St. Louis may seek the aid of the Federal justices; for the residents of that town are considerably exercised over what has been done. They thought the license for opening the canal would be long delayed.

The Chicago Drainage Canal ranks among the greatest of engineering features during the nineteenth century. As an artificial waterway its cross-section is larger than the Suez Canal. The projected Panama Canal will have but two-thirds the volume of water. The Nicaragua channel will be no larger. The North Sea channel, which provides a short route for the commerce of Germany, alone of the modern waterways constructed by man has a greater capacity than that of the drainage outlet of Chicago. Dredged to the same depth as that of the German canal, the volume of water passing through this Illinois outlet would be much more.

Constructed for the drainage of Chicago's turgid and muddiest and filthiest of all streams—the open sewer of the city—the channel was made large enough to float the biggest of vessels that sail or steam over the Great Lakes. It combines the functions of a ship canal with a drainage duct.

The problem which confronted the city ever since the municipality passed its half million in population was the disposal of sewage. Chicago is built upon a ledge of the earth but ten feet above the level of Lake Michigan. The Chicago River and its two branches were originally sluggish lagoons, winding in and about sand dunes. They were dredged and widened by early settlers, and were extended as the city grew to accommodate the growth of the increasing commerce of the lakes. After a heavy rain the current of the river was outward; at other times fluctuating with the rise and fall of the lake. Chicago's water supply was and is drawn from the sewage. As the population increased the flow of the sewage into the river and its branches con-

verted them into open sewers. The natural drainage was out into the lake, the foul stream thereby contaminating the water supply. There was pestilence and death even in the bath tubs.

In 1882 agitation began for a complete drainage system—one that would answer for all time. Half a dozen plans were suggested, but all were based upon a waste into the Mississippi valley. Finally the drainage canal was proposed; and to-day we have it—ten years from the time the initial legislation was enacted.

The topography of the Great Lakes presents a curious natural condition. The rivers of bordering States flow from, not toward, the lakes. Some are so near the lakes as to give the impression that they have their source of supply from them. The lakes are only great basins, whose brim-rise is above the level of the surrounding country. At Chicago the lip of the lake varies from eight to ten miles in width. A ditch ten feet deep built across the city at any point would carry the waters in the Mississippi valley. The first branch of the Mississippi River is the Desplaines River. There are two sags in the earth brim of Lake Michigan at Chicago.

The drainage canal follows the upper of these natural sags—the one which connects with the Chicago River, and which provides for the drainage of eight-tenths of the city's area. The channel is constructed through the centre of the natural hollow. Nowhere along the route is the average surface of the earth over ten feet above the level of the lake. The ditch is thirty-two feet deep, providing for a water depth of twenty-two feet. The channel is twenty-eight miles in length. Counting the Chicago River as a part of it, then its length is thirty-four miles. In width it varies. The first eight miles, which takes the channel to the edge of the brim of the Mississippi valley side, is 110 feet wide at the bottom, 198 feet at the top, and is 22 feet deep. This is through soft earth. The second section is 5.3 miles long, and has a width of 290 feet at the water line; 202 feet at the bottom. The third section is partly walled through a conglomerate of clay and pebbles and solid rock that crops out on the surface of the Mississippi side of the brim. This section is fifteen miles long; the width is 162 feet. It ends in the centre of the Desplaines valley, opposite the town of Lockport, where the declivity is ten feet to the mile. At the end of the channel is a great settling basin. Here are the gates and movable dams for spilling the water of the channel into the valley, sending it on to the Illinois River.

The law creating the district requires that for one part of sewage six parts of lake water must be sent through the channel. The minimum flow is fixed at 300,000 cubic feet per minute. That is upon the estimate that Chicago now contains 1,600,000 people.

When this figure is exceeded by 100,000, the flow must be increased 20,000 cubic feet every minute. When the system of intercepting sewers and conduits, now in progress, is finished, turning the sewage into the river, which now flows directly into the lake, the population draining into the channel will reach, if not exceed, 1,900,000 souls, which will increase the flow of water—that is if the law is obeyed—about 60,000 feet every sixty seconds. The dilution of the sewage by the current that will flow in from Lake Michigan is expected to make the water of the Chicago River as clear as that of the Hudson at Albany, and to reduplicate on the wharfs of the river the throngs of anglers that crowd into all the open space on the banks of the Seine near Paris.

The emphatic protests of St. Louis, and from the residents of the Mississippi valley, to the opening of the canal, were based upon the filth that is supposed to go down and past their shores. Engineers and sanitary authorities who have investigated this subject, however, assert that the dilution of lake water with the settling of heavy particles in the basin at Lockport will so purify the sewage as to mitigate rather than intensify present conditions.

The sanitary district was incorporated in 1889; the first board of trustees and directors was elected in December, and in the following month there was organization. The first spade of dirt was turned at Joliet, September 7, 1892. The right of way has cost \$3,163,685, and the construction to date is \$22,000,000. The other expenses, such as interest, salaries, losses, etc., make a grand total of \$31,602,000. By the time all the work is done the estimated cost is \$33,500,000. Of the amount already expended, \$17,600,000 was secured by taxation, and \$14,000,000 from the sale of bonds.

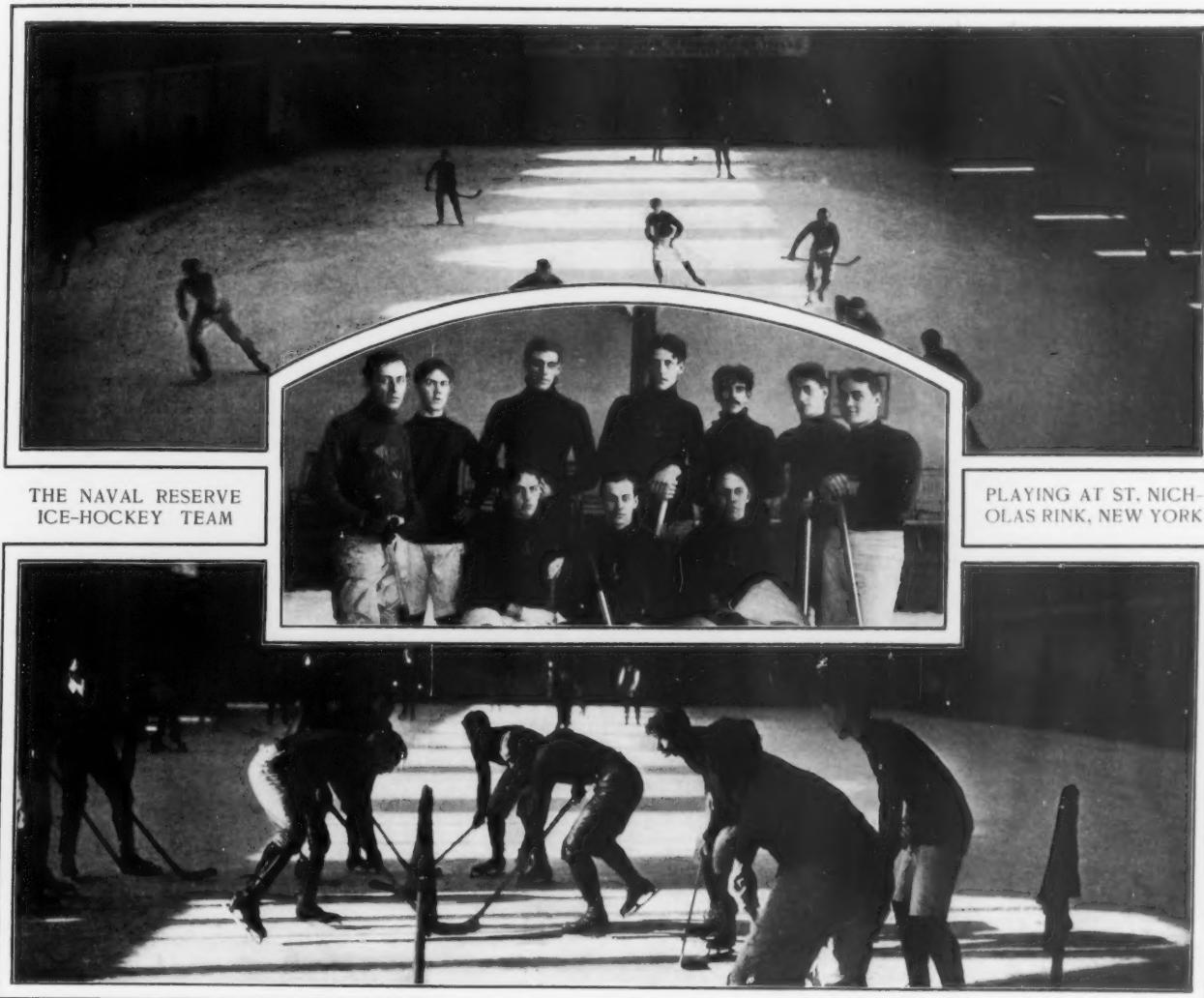
When the channel was originally planned a depth of fourteen feet was deemed sufficient. But the trustees, looking forward to ultimate connection with the Gulf of Mexico, decided to make the depth eight feet more, thus securing twenty-two feet, and forming the first link in the proposed outlet to all the seas. It would cost the government less than \$25,000,000 to complete the enterprise, and thereby make a way for deep draught vessels from Liverpool to Chicago.

The immediate effect of the ship canal is to extend the wharfage front of this city fifty-six miles, giving to Chicago five times the mileage now possessed by New York City.

Lyman E. Cooley has been the master-mind of the great ditch. He is a Chicago engineer. The boldness of his conception at first brought him into ridicule; but he triumphed in his plan for a ship canal.

JAMES S. EVANS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE

THE NAVAL RESERVE
ICE-HOCKEY TEAM

PLAYING AT ST. NICHOLAS RINK, NEW YORK

**SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR
ON FIELD AND WATER**

*"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"*

**ALL-AMERICA TEAM
FOR 1899**

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK)

HALF-BACKS

SENECA of Carlisle has been one of the striking half-backs of the season, and is a man who can be counted upon to do some brilliant running at almost any period in the game.

McCracken of the University of Pennsylvania did not really show his full power as a runner behind the line until the Cornell game. In that game his work was better than that of any half-back of the season. His record has also been consistent in one respect, and that is, he is almost never thrown with a loss. If any accident happens whereby he does not gain his distance, one may be sure that he does not lose anything, for he has a knack of turning his shoulder into the line and stiffening out his legs in a way that insures his falling forward, and it takes a good man to hold him up in the air when he gets ready to lunge.

In Richardson, Brown had a man who did more to keep up his team this year than any man on any team in the country. It was his work that was always ready for an inspiration when it was needed, and no team faced Brown that did not have a tremendous measure of respect for Richardson before the game was over.

Slaker of Chicago has developed into an excellent man behind the line. He is a strong, fast runner, with a very springy style, strikes a line with terrific force, and has an ability to get on his speed when reaching a tackler that makes him especially hard to stop.

McLean of Michigan, although closely pressed in that respect by Sawin of Harvard, is surely the best man at circling an end that this season has produced. When this young man gets started for an end the other team must begin to congregate at that point very rapidly and must concentrate all their attention upon McLean for the next few minutes or he will certainly make a touch-down.

Ellis of Harvard hits the line the hardest of any man on the field this season, and he can be sent almost in-

definitely. He is always of considerable assistance to the other men on the offence, but is not in defence up to Reid, who replaced him toward the end of the Yale-Harvard game. Nor is he a punter.

Weekes of Columbia is a man who will come very near to the top before he finishes. He has life and dash and tenacity of purpose, and in this his first big season has already far outstripped the majority of veterans in the field.

With such an array of men back of the line as this season has produced it would be a particularly critical coach who could not find ample material.

Reiter of Princeton, had he played throughout the season and not been injured, would have stood among the leaders. The portion of the game that he played with Yale showed his calibre. McCord of Princeton is another one of whom similar things might be said.

Then there are at Cambridge, in Sawin, Parker, Kendall, Warren and Giersch, a group of men which would satisfy the requirements of any first-class team.

Kaarsberg of the University of California, either as half or full back. Johnston of the University of Illinois, Potter and Gardiner of Pennsylvania, Morley of Columbia, Henry of Chicago—one might go on naming these men indefinitely and hardly find a name in the list which does not mean much in reputation as a man behind the line.

FULL-BACKS

Of the full-backs, the palm goes unquestionably to McBride, with Wheeler and O'Dea in the above order. McBride's kicking in the Harvard game was the best performed by any full-back this year, both in distance and in accuracy.

I should be inclined to give the first substitute place to Wheeler of Princeton for his general work, and especially his performance in the Yale game, although in the earlier games it was less satisfactory.

O'Dea of Wisconsin can outpace, outdrop, and outplace any full-back of the year in distance, but he cannot compare with McBride in the running game or in defensive work, and the other men have perhaps the feeling that they must help him out in these respects.

Reid of Harvard was an excellent defensive player and a fairly good kicker, though not up to the distance of either McBride or O'Dea or Wheeler, when Wheeler was at his best. He was a strong runner, though not as heavy a line bucker as Ellis. Griffith of Iowa was also in the van. Slaker of Chicago was one of the best running full-backs of the lot, and a triangle, composed of this man, with Wheeler to punt, and Richardson of Brown as a running mate, would make a most effective ground-gaining combination.

ICE-HOCKEY

Ice-hockey still retains its fascination for Greater New York sportsmen. There is no doubt concerning that.

The attendance and enthusiasm at the early games fully justify such a conclusion. The work of the Naval Reserve team at the St. Nicholas Rink, New York, has aroused much enthusiasm, the players promising to develop excellent form.

The league series opened on December 21 with a rattling contest between the Hockey Club of New York and the New York A. C. No matter how the make-up of the former may change, her players always surpass themselves when pitted against the Mercury Footers. Once their entire team was taken over by the powerful Travers Islanders, and now O'Donnell and Hunt have transferred their allegiance from the Hockey Club to the New Yorks. While these crack defence men have strengthened the New Yorks where the latter were most in need, their loss does not seem to have lowered the Hockey Club's standard of excellence; hence the peppery, wideawake game of the 21st. Each side scored three goals, and the game, while not so technically satisfactory as some of the coming contests will be, never lagged, but abounded in dashing play from one end to the other. The new men on the Hockey Club were Ellison, of last year's champion Brooklyns, and Corry,

McTill University of Montreal sent down a good team for a holiday trip on December 29 and 30. For their visit we are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. George D. Phillips, the general manager of the St. Nicholas corporation's enterprises. This is the second visit of Canadian college men, the Queen's University team having played in New York in 1897. The McGill men were strengthened by three familiar players, Drinkwater of the Victorias, and Triley and Brennan of the champion Shamrocks. They met the New York A. C. team on the 29th, and, after the hottest kind of a struggle, were beaten 3-4. In this game, the scoring alternated until "3 all" was reached at the end of the second half, when a third period was played to determine the winner.

Against the All-Manhattan team, on the 30th, the Montreal collegians had even a harder time, the score being 10-6 in favor of the local players. O'Donnell, Hunt, Fenwick and Howard represented the Mercury Foot, B. Phillips the Hockey Club, and Barron and Callender the St. Nicholas Club. The combination play of the forwards was as good as though they had practiced for weeks, and many brilliant bits of work was the result. In the first half New York scored 4-2, and in the second period 6-4. At one time the New York men scored five times hand-running amid enthusiasm unseen since that wonderful Victoria-New York game in March, 1899. WALTER CAMP.

NOTE.—Owing to pressure on our space we have been compelled to postpone the "Football Review" announced for this week.

W. C.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK



"THREE LITTLE LAMBS," AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. FINALE OF ACT I.

THE DRAMA

ON THE RETURN of his stock company to the Empire Theatre the other night we naturally expected Mr. Charles Frohman to present a new and interesting play. Mr. Frohman has the pick of the plays of the world, and the New York season of his company has an immense importance. What did Mr. Frohman give us? A play by an American author? Oh, no. But we had no right to expect that. Our poor managers, as we all know, are busily seeking for American plays and rarely find them. So it pays them to import their wares from either France or England, where the playwrights live, who, though they may never have seen this country, and though they may take no interest whatever in American life, still know best how to please our American audiences. It is a curious state of affairs, isn't it? This time Mr. Frohman took his play from London, from a young writer, once an actor, Mr. H. V. Esmond. It proved to be a very curious production, so different from the works hitherto seen at the Empire Theatre that its selection seems quite remarkable. But Mr. Frohman has taken pains to explain that it is a "novelty," and he evidently has a pride in the breadth of policy that led to its acceptance. Well, "My Lady's Lord" is a novelty, that is, a novelty for the Empire Theatre. But it would not be a novelty at Weber and Fields', for which playhouse it might have been written. Let me hasten to explain, however, that it would never have been produced at Weber and Fields', where the managers have no objection to novelty, to be sure, but where they strive with might and main to avoid dulness.

Yes, "My Lady's Lord" is dull. It is also commonplace and vulgar, full of cheap English wit, which, by the way, is accepted as serious writing by a large part of the spectators. Mr. Esmond evidently intended that his piece should be a ridiculous exposure of the methods of play-writing exploited in romantic works like "The Prisoner of Zenda." What Mr. Esmond succeeded in doing was to make a ridiculous exposure of his own lack of wit. Incidentally, however, he has done one clever thing; he has shown how easy is the trick of writing melodramas of the Anthony Hope school. Take a haughty and impossible Princess; surround her with impossible

courtiers and handmaids, a few of whom can play the harp, which, besides being decorative, lends itself to a pretty play of jewelled fingers; betroth her to an impossibly villainous nobleman; and, finally, introduce into the court a conceited and impudent young Englishman, with a fondness for wearing bicycle clothes on all occasions, and you have the skeleton of "My Lady's Lord" and of many other plays which, for the past five years, have taken up a great deal of room in our theatres to the exclusion of better material. It

ZELIE DE LUSSAN



MILKA TERNINA



JOHANNA GADSKI

LILLIAN NORDICA



EUGENIE MANTELLI

would be a waste of time to show how, by constantly thrusting himself into the apparently serious situations in this play, by making his characters, notably the English hero, talk the most detestable and stupid slang, Mr. Esmond has created this "novelty." Altogether, "My Lady's Lord" is a most unpleasant exhibition. It would sink beneath criticism if it had not been offered to the playgoers of New York at one of the most important of our theatres.

How the poor actors who were cast for this piece must have loathed their tasks! It must have been a trial for them even to speak the dialogue at rehearsals. A particularly characteristic bit of repartee occurs in the first act. It consists of one word—"Rats!" This is supposed to be very funny because it is delivered by a young man who, in the depths of a forest, evidently suggested to the author by the forest of Arden, wears a gorgeous costume of ruffles and silk and looks as if he ought to go about surrounded with a gilt frame.

Among the players, one emerged from the ordeal with new laurels, Miss Jessie Millward, who enacted the impossible Princess. A year ago in these columns I complained because Mr. Frohman had ignored our young American players and given the position of leading woman at his theatre to an actress from London. Well, I must confess that Miss Millward has justified the choice. Since her first unfortunate appearance in "Phroso" she has had several roles much better suited to her style, and she has played them all most skilfully, but she has done nothing better than her work in Mr. Esmond's "novelty." Such adroitness, such insight, such ease are seldom found in the work of an actress who does not rank among the brilliant performers of the world. Miss Millward cannot, to be sure, make "My Lady's Lord" endurable; but by her fine and certain art she does greatly relieve the tedium of the performance.

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre may be seen a new musical comedy which gives promise of having a prosperous career. It is called "Three Little Lambs," and to the light and airy lines of Mr. R. A. Barnett suitably tuneful and vivacious music has been provided by Mr. E. W. Corliss. The plot, like the plot of most of the works of this character, is of the flimsiest kind; at times you forget it altogether; and the humor is of a peculiarly native quality, its chief merit being that at the moment it makes you laugh from its utter inanity and that it never becomes unendurably vulgar or coarse. The comedy gives scope, however, for a good deal of clever acting, some fairly good singing, and for excellent dancing and effective groupings. Notably good work is done by Miss Adele Ritchie as the heroine; by Miss Marie Cahill, who is extremely humorous, if not very refined, in her methods; by Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, who keeps you laughing every moment that he stands on the stage, and by W. E. Philp, a young man who sings well and who is learning to act acceptably. The other parts, too, are all well taken.

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